

Stonehurst Hymn Tunes

F. 46.103


P4195

FROM THE LIBRARY OF
REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.
BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO
THE LIBRARY OF
PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Division

Section

SCD
1370



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
Princeton Theological Seminary Library

<http://archive.org/details/stonehur00perk>



Stonehurst Hymn Tunes

EMILY S. PERKINS



PRIVATELY PRINTED
RIVERDALE-ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK CITY

Copyright, 1921
By EMILY S. PERKINS

*To the memory of my
Mother, Father, and Brothers,
lovers of hymn tunes*

Foreword

“**A** TUNE is a spiritual thing,” it has been said, and a good hymn tune adds immeasurably to the dynamic power of a hymn. At the close of a service when the listener goes forth with the final message singing its way into his heart, there is a mighty power at work. Who can estimate it?

The present day witnesses a great era of hymn book publication; and this may be accounted for in part by the number of hymns being written, hymns of a new order, for which the publishers are seeking appropriate tunes. Old tunes are being used with a fair measure of success; but the new wine cannot always be contained in the old bottles. A really great hymn must have its own tune and any hymn of worth should have proper setting if its message is to gain full interpretation.

We need today a revival of the writing of hymn tunes. We need a revival of spiritual impulse among musicians who are primarily interested in hymnody. A great hymn tune has no definition. “The wind bloweth where it listeth”—and the hymn finds expression in music.

The tunes in this book offer a possible setting for some new hymns and for a few older ones which are not being sung for lack of an acceptable tune. They are published with the earnest hope that others who have a love and gift for the writing of hymn tunes will not neglect the gift that is in them, nor fail to give to the public their contribution toward the worship of God and the expression of the religious emotions of the human heart.

The composer acknowledges great indebtedness to Carl F. Price for his appreciative help and counsel in the writing and publication of this book. Also grateful acknowledgement is made to Frederick Schlieder, F. A. G. O., for a careful review of most of the hymn tunes.

E. S. P.

Index of Tunes

Baker	4	Madison Square	30
Barr	18	Palisades	16
Benedictio	38	Peterson	1
Burg	6	Petition	2
Central Branch	7	Price	19
Cromwell Hall	23	Purpose	35
Damascus	5	Raymond	31
Dodd	12	Regal	9
Enoch	34	Revelatio	28
Fair	21	Security	24
Galen	26	Spiritus	17
Hudson	15	Stella Orientalis	29
Imploratio	27	Test	11
Jesu Mitis	10	Title	22
Lane	14	Valiant	8
Longing	13	Wandell	20
Mackenzie	25	Wells	33

Index of First Lines and Titles of Hymns

(The Titles Are in Capitals)

A blessed ministry of love 3
 A fair land gleams before mine eyes..36
 A MINISTRY OF LOVE 3
 As pants the wearied hart13
 AT CLOSE OF DAY20
 Brightest and best of the sons of the
 morning29
 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove ...17
 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare 2
 Day by day the manna fell23
 Earth has nothing sweet or fair21
 Father! in Thy mysterious presence
 kneeling28
 God is love, His mercy brightens26
 God is working His purpose out35
 Hark! the voice eternal 9
 If on a quiet sea15
 Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass..12
 May the grace of Christ our Saviour..38
 My Father, for another night 4
 My God, how endless is Thy love18
 My God, the spring of all my joys16
 O beautiful for spacious skies 7

O for a closer walk with God34
 O! it is hard to work for God25
 O Lord and Master of us all11
 Our God, He is a God of might 6
 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire33
 Quiet, Lord, my froward heart24
 REJOICE, GIVE THANKS AND
 SING32
 Rejoice, ye pure in heart32
 Sometimes a light surprises30
 Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go10
 Take me, O my Father, take me 1
 THE LAND OF LIBERTY36
 There is a field in Flanders37
 There is gathering in the heavens 8
 Those eternal bowers 5
 Thou art the Way14
 Thy way, not mine, O Lord31
 We gather at the close of day20
 What various hindrances we meet27
 When I can read my title clear22
 Where cross the crowded ways of life.19

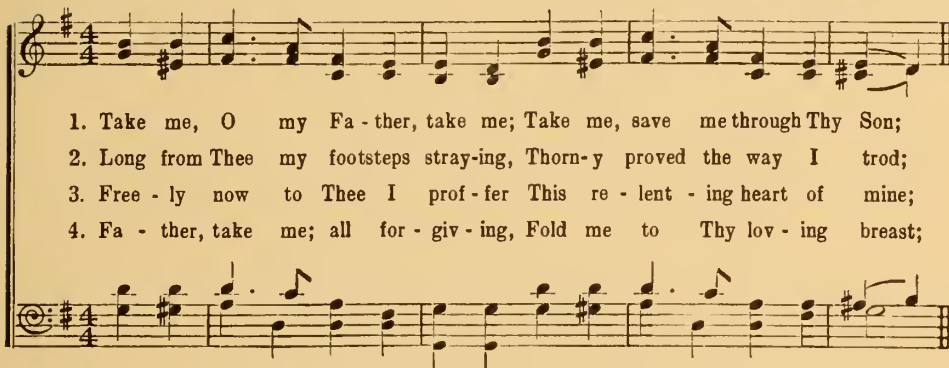
Stonehurst Hymn Tunes

1 Take Me, O My Father, Take Me

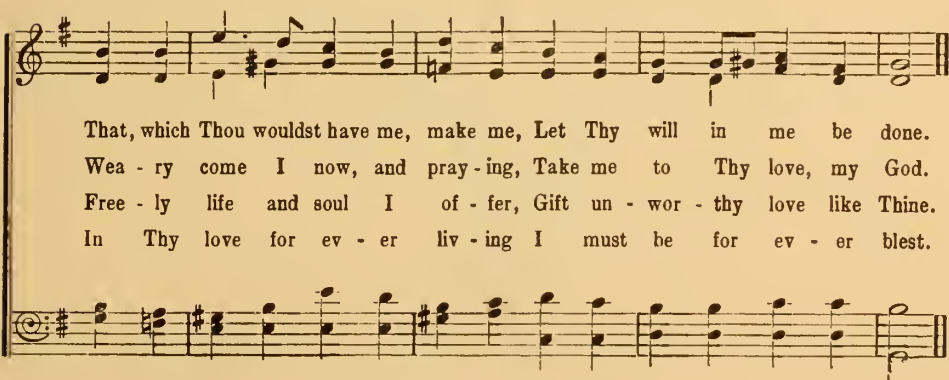
PETERSON

RAY PALMER

EMILY S. PERKINS



1. Take me, O my Fa - ther, take me; Take me, save me through Thy Son;
2. Long from Thee my footsteps stray-ing, Thorn-y proved the way I trod;
3. Free - ly now to Thee I prof - fer This re - lent - ing heart of mine;
4. Fa - ther, take me; all for - giv - ing, Fold me to Thy lov - ing breast;



That, which Thou wouldst have me, make me, Let Thy will in me be done.
Wea - ry come I now, and pray-ing, Take me to Thy love, my God.
Free - ly life and soul I of - fer, Gift un - wor - thy love like Thine.
In Thy love for ev - er liv - ing I must be for ev - er blest.


Copyright, 1921, by Emily S. Perkins

Come, My Soul, Thy Suit Prepare

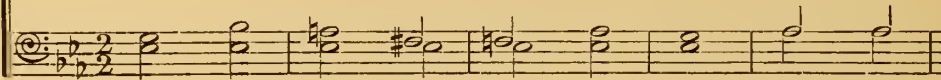
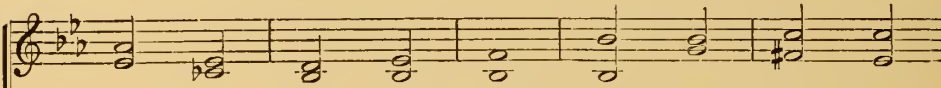
JOHN NEWTON

PETITION

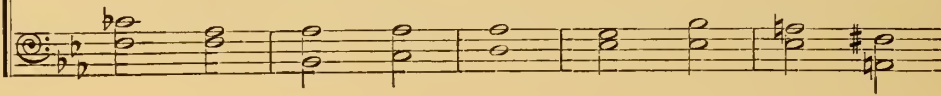
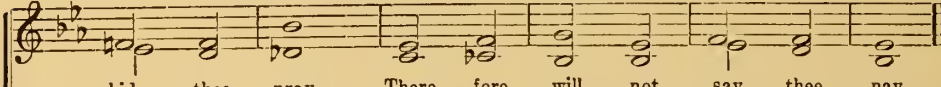
EMILY S. PERKINS



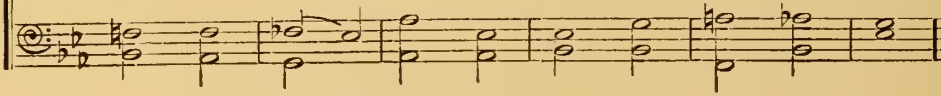
1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare, Je - sus
 2. With my bur - den I be - gin; Lord, re -
 3. Lord, I come to Thee for rest: Take pos -
 4. While I am a pil - grim here, Let Thy
 5. Show me what I have to do, Ev - 'ry

loves to an - swer prayer; He Him - self has
 move this load of sin; Let Thy blood, for
 ses - sion of my breast; There Thy blood - bought
 love my spir - it cheer; As my Guide, my
 hour my strength re - new; Let me live a

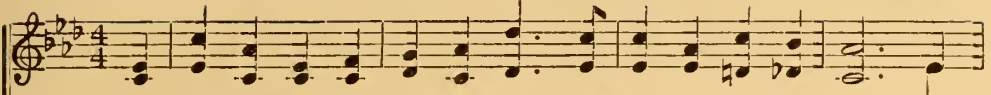



bid thee pray, There - fore will not say thee nay.
 sin - ners spilt, Set my con - science free from guilt.
 right main - tain And with - out a ri - val reign.
 Guard, my Friend, Lead me to my jour - ney's end.
 life of faith, Let me die Thy peo - ple's death.

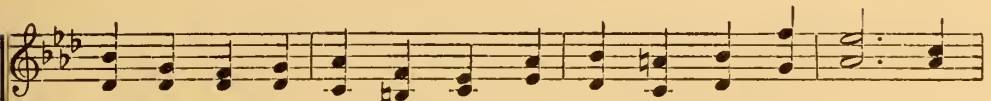
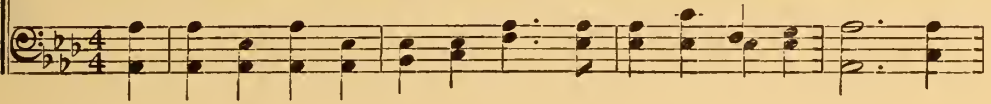


A Ministry of Love

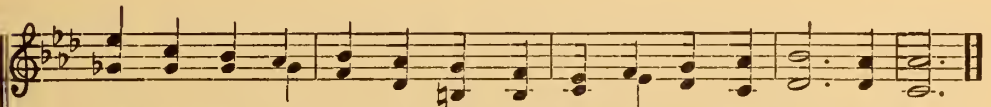
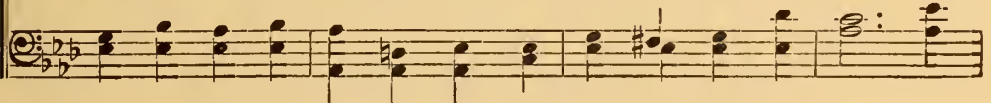
Words and Music by EMILY S. PERKINS



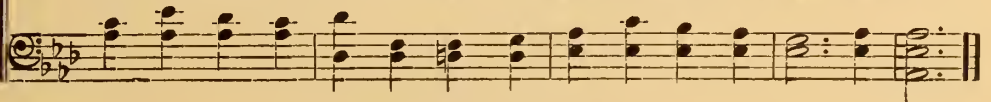
1. A bless-ed min-is-try of love Goes forth to all the world, For
2. When dread dis-as-ter sweeps the land In earth-quake, fire and storm, When
3. When war's first ter-ri-ble a-larm Sounds forth in God's fair land, The
4. The red that stands for sac-ri-fice, The white for hon-or true, Pledge



ev-'ry na-tion, ev-'ry tribe The Red Cross flies un-furled. Oh!
 pes-ti-lence or fam-ine spreads In fright-ful, death-like form, The
 Red Cross march-es to the field, All brave-ly there to stand; And
 all who car-ry forth this cross To loy-al-ty a-new. O



come, ye peo-ple ev-'ry-where, Its love and pow'r and worth de-clare.
 Red Cross gra-cious-ly draws near With food and shel-ter, hope and cheer.
 there it stands, tho' hell as-sails, Un-til the peace of heav'n pre-vails.
 blood-red ban-ner, lead the way To faith-ful ser-vice, day by day.

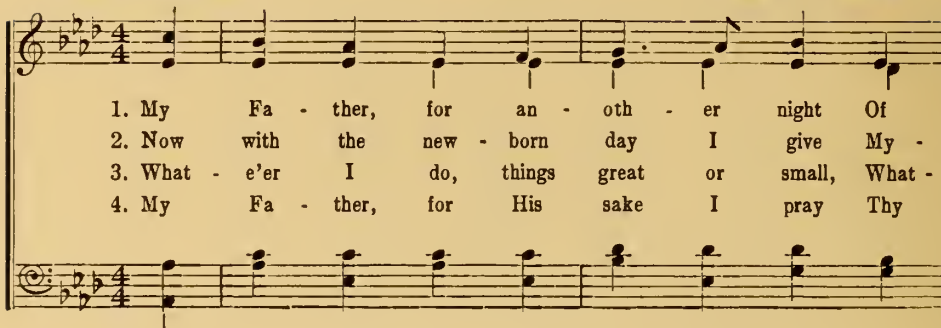


My Father, for Another Night

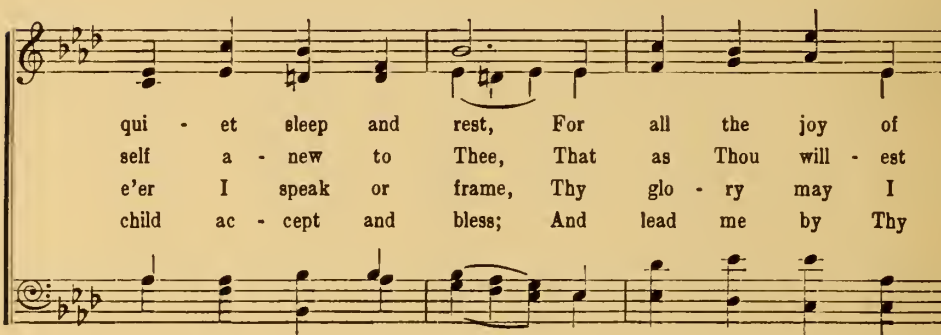
HENRY W. BAKER

BAKER

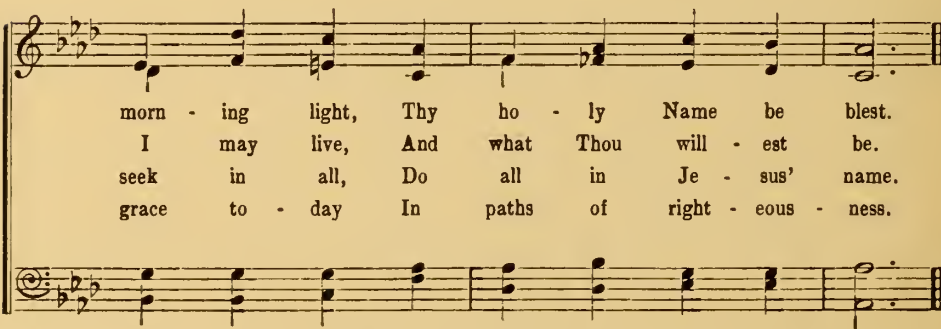
EMILY S. PERKINS



1. My Fa - ther, for an - oth - er night Of
 2. Now with the new - born day I give My -
 3. What - e'er I do, things great or small, What -
 4. My Fa - ther, for His sake I pray Thy



qui - et sleep and rest, For all the joy of
 self a - new to Thee, That as Thou will - est
 e'er I speak or frame, Thy glo - ry may I
 child ac - cept and bless; And lead me by Thy



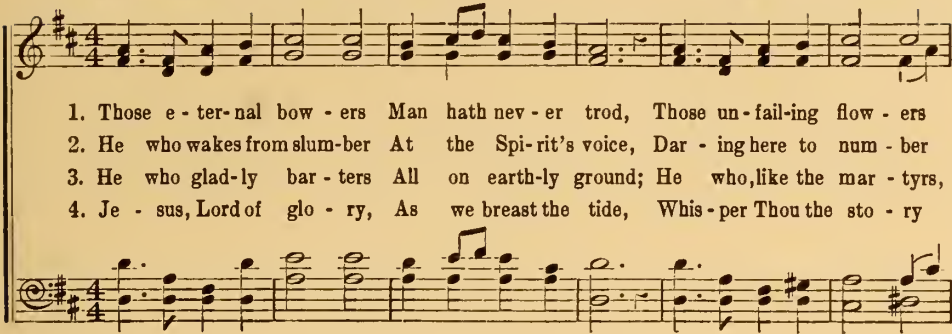
morn - ing light, Thy ho - ly Name be blest.
 I may live, And what Thou will - est be.
 seek in all, Do all in Je - sus' name.
 grace to - day In paths of right - eous - ness.

Those Eternal Bowers

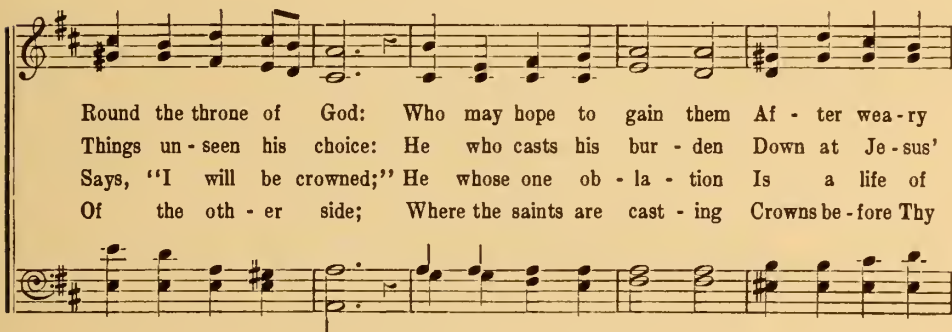
DAMASCUS

JOHN OF DAMASCUS; tr. JOHN M. NEALE

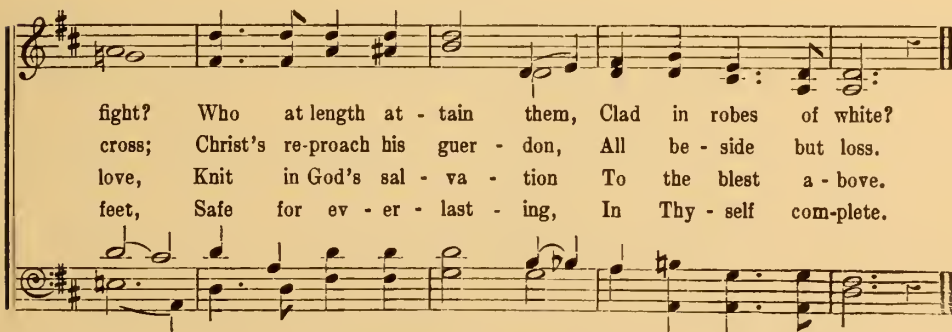
EMILY S. PERKINS



1. Those e - ter - nal bow - ers Man hath nev - er trod, Those un - fail - ing flow - ers
 2. He who wakes from slum - ber At the Spi - rit's voice, Dar - ing here to num - ber
 3. He who glad - ly bar - ters All on earth - ly ground; He who, like the mar - tyrs,
 4. Je - sus, Lord of glo - ry, As we breast the tide, Whis - per Thou the sto - ry



Round the throne of God: Who may hope to gain them Af - ter wea - ry
 Things un - seen his choice: He who casts his bur - den Down at Je - sus'
 Says, "I will be crowned;" He whose one ob - la - tion Is a life of
 Of the oth - er side; Where the saints are cast - ing Crowns be - fore Thy




fight? Who at length at - tain them, Clad in robes of white?
 cross; Christ's re - proach his guer - don, All be - side but loss.
 love, Knit in God's sal - va - tion To the blest a - bove.
 feet, Safe for ev - er - last - ing, In Thy - self com - plete.

Our God

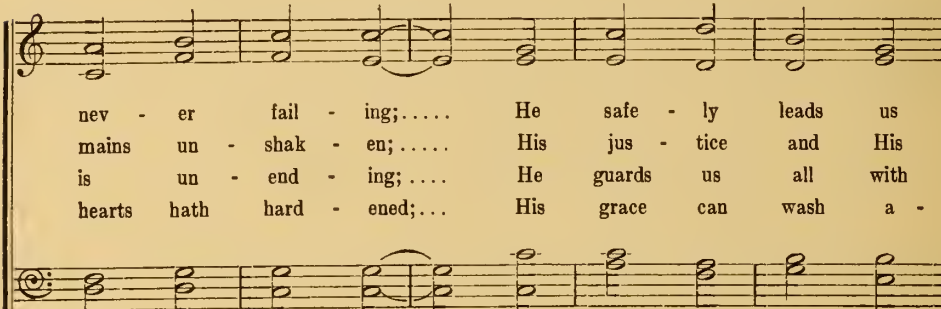
EMILY S. PERKINS

BURG

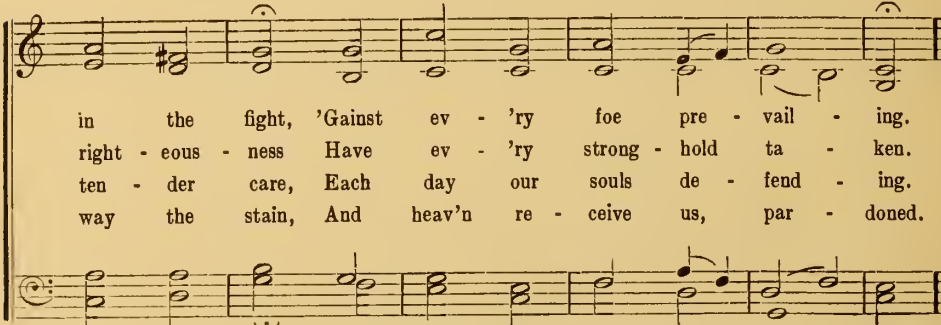
EMILY S. PERKINS



1. Our God, He is a God of might, His pow'r is
 2. Our God, He is a God of truth, His word re-
 3. Our God, He is a God of love, His mer - cy
 4. Our God, He is a God of grace, Tho' sin our



nev - er fail - ing; He safe - ly leads us
 mains un - shak - en; His jus - tice and His
 is un - end - ing; He guards us all with
 hearts hath hard - ened; ... His grace can wash a -



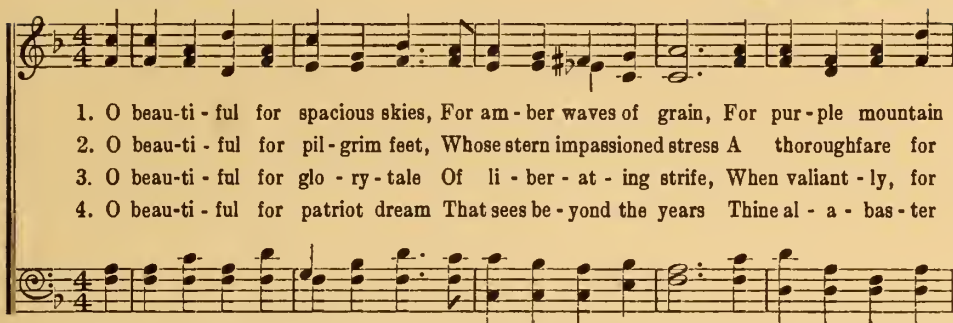
in the fight, 'Gainst ev - 'ry foe pre - vail - ing.
 right - eous - ness Have ev - 'ry strong - hold ta - ken.
 ten - der care, Each day our souls de - fend - ing.
 way the stain, And heav'n re - ceive us, par - doned.

O Beautiful for Spacious Skies

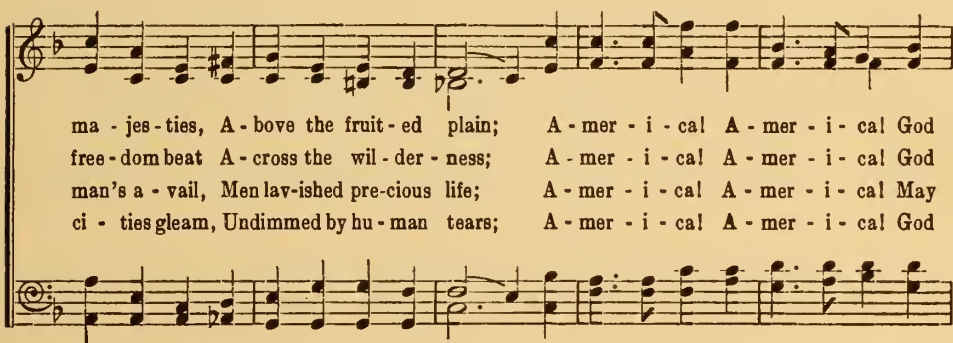
KATHARINE LEE BATES

CENTRAL BRANCH

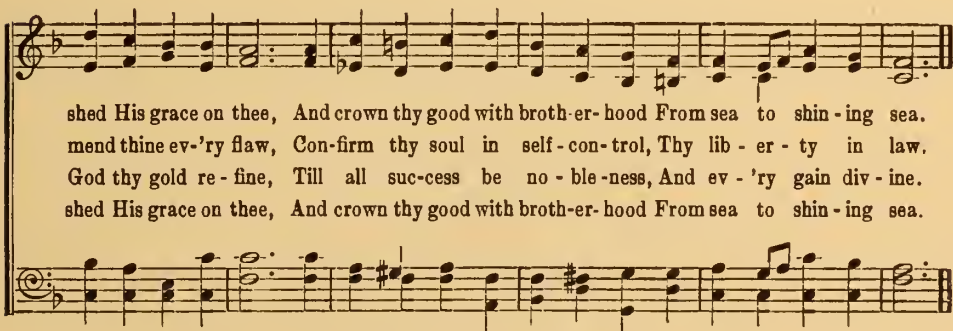
EMILY S. PERKINS



1. O beau-ti - ful for spacious skies, For am - ber waves of grain, For pur - ple mountain
 2. O beau-ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern impassioned stress A thoroughfare for
 3. O beau-ti - ful for glo - ry - tale Of li - ber - at - ing strife, When valiant - ly, for
 4. O beau-ti - ful for patriot dream That sees be - yond the years Thine al - a - bas - ter



ma - jes - ties, A - bove the fruit - ed plain; A - mer - i - cal A - mer - i - cal God
 free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness; A - mer - i - cal A - mer - i - cal God
 man's a - vail, Men lav - ished pre - cious life; A - mer - i - cal A - mer - i - cal May
 ci - ties gleam, Undimmed by hu - man tears; A - mer - i - cal A - mer - i - cal God



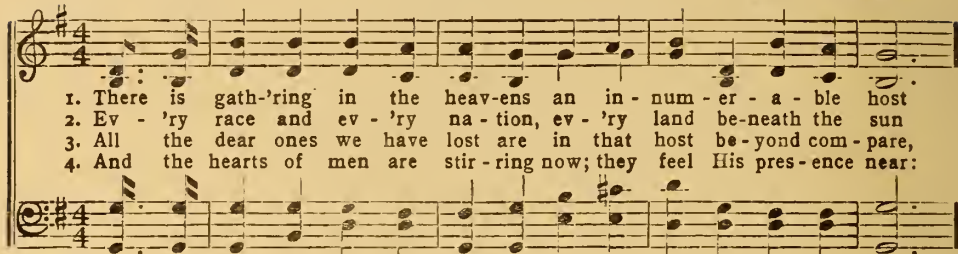
shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea.
 mend thine ev - 'ry flaw, Con - firm thy soul in self - con - trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law.
 God thy gold re - fine, Till all suc - cess be no - ble - ness, And ev - 'ry gain div - ine.
 shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea.

There is Gathering in the Heavens

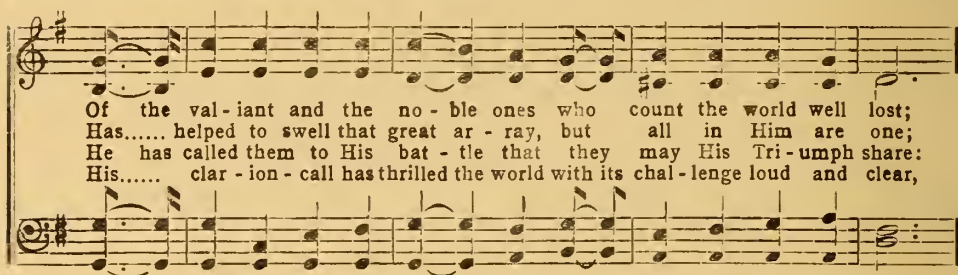
JOHN OXENHAM

VALIANT

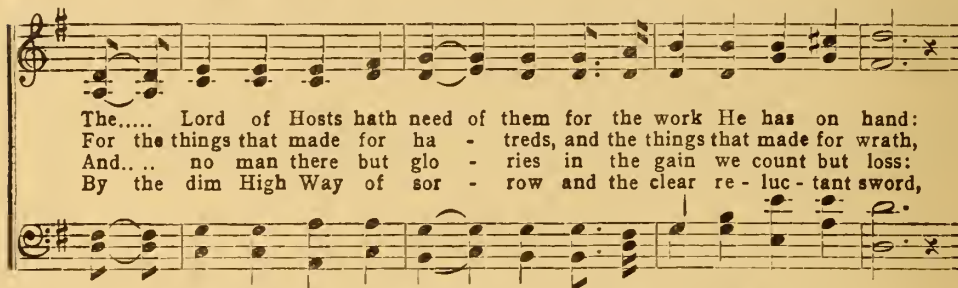
EMILY S. PERKINS



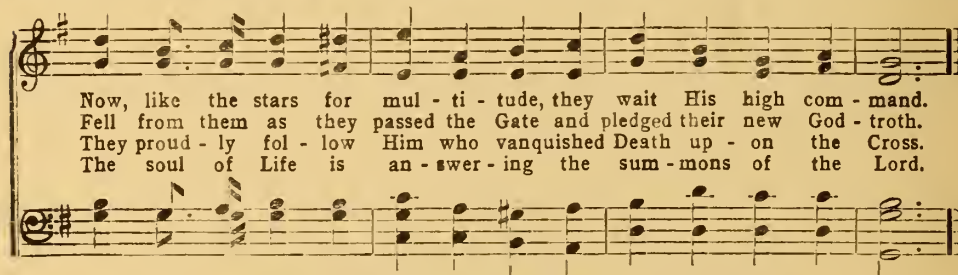
1. There is gath-'ring in the heav-ens an in - num - er - a - ble host
 2. Ev - 'ry race and ev - 'ry na - tion, ev - 'ry land be-neath the sun
 3. All the dear ones we have lost are in that host be - yond com - pare,
 4. And the hearts of men are stir - ring now; they feel His pres - ence near:



Of the val - iant and the no - ble ones who count the world well lost;
 Has..... helped to swell that great ar - ray, but all in Him are one;
 He has called them to His bat - tle that they may His Tri - umph share:
 His..... clar - ion - call has thrilled the world with its chal - lenge loud and clear,



The..... Lord of Hosts hath need of them for the work He has on hand:
 For the things that made for ha - tred, and the things that made for wrath,
 And... no man there but glo - ries in the gain we count but loss:
 By the dim High Way of sor - row and the clear re - luc - tant sword,



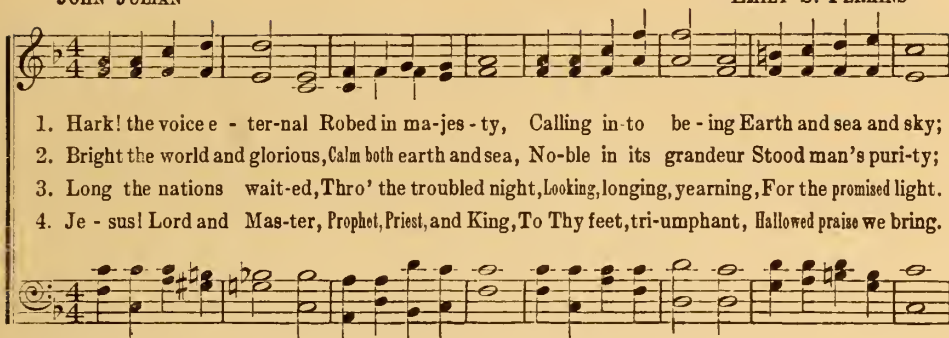
Now, like the stars for mul - ti - tude, they wait His high com - mand.
 Fell from them as they passed the Gate and pledged their new God - troth.
 They proud - ly fol - low Him who vanquished Death up - on the Cross.
 The soul of Life is an - swer - ing the sum - mons of the Lord.

Hark! the Voice Eternal

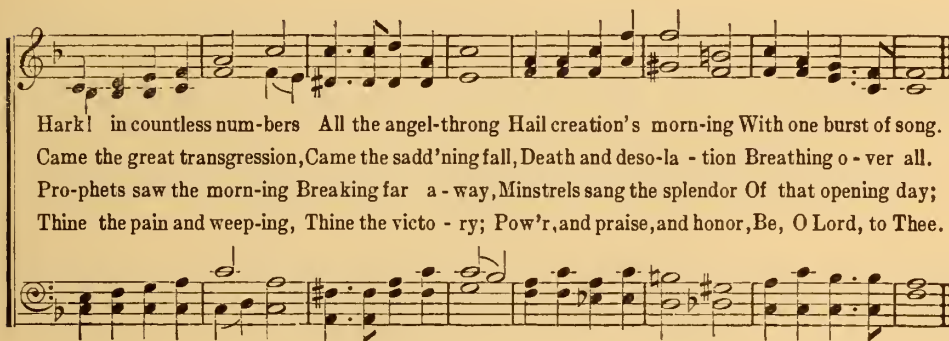
JOHN JULIAN

REGAL

EMILY S. PERKINS



1. Hark! the voice e - ter-nal Robed in ma-jes - ty, Calling in-to be - ing Earth and sea and sky;
 2. Bright the world and glorious, Calm both earth and sea, No-ble in its grandeur Stood man's puri-ty;
 3. Long the nations wait-ed, Thro' the troubled night, Looking, longing, yearning, For the promised light.
 4. Je - sus! Lord and Mas-ter, Prophet, Priest, and King, To Thy feet, tri-umphant, Hallowed praise we bring.



Hark! in countless num-bers All the angel-throng Hail creation's morn-ing With one burst of song.
 Came the great transgression, Came the sadd'ning fall, Death and deso-la - tion Breathing o - ver all.
 Pro-phets saw the morn-ing Breaking far a - way, Minstrels sang the splendor Of that opening day;
 Thine the pain and weep-ing, Thine the victo - ry; Pow'r, and praise, and honor, Be, O Lord, to Thee.



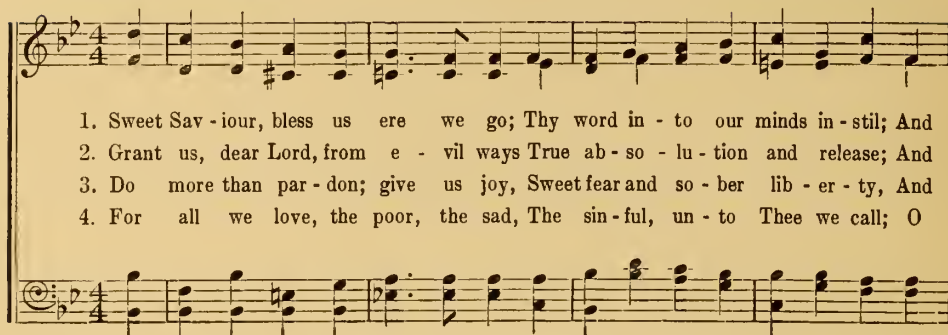
High in re-gal glo - ry, 'Mid e - ter-nal light, Reign, O King im-mor - tal, Ho-ly, in - fi - nite.
 Still in re-gal glo - ry, 'Mid e - ter-nal light, Reigned the King immortal, Ho-ly, in - fi - nite.
 Whilst in re-gal glo - ry, 'Mid e - ter-nal light, Reigned the King immortal, Ho-ly, in - fi - nite.
 High in re-gal glo - ry, 'Mid e - ter-nal light, Reign, O King im-mor - tal, Ho-ly, in - fi - nite.

10 Sweet Saviour, Bless Us Ere We Go

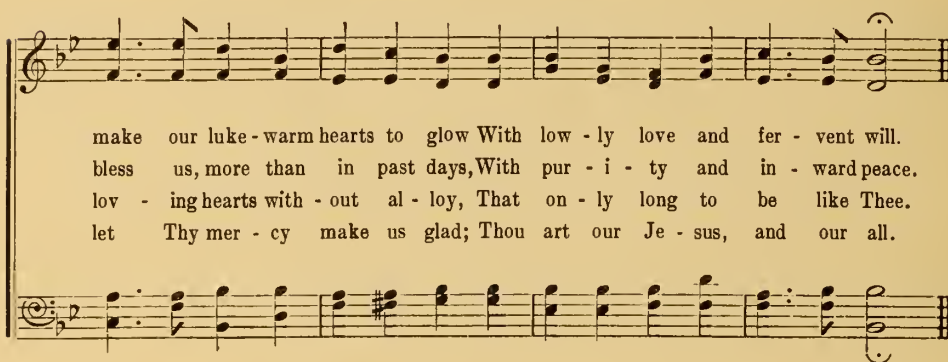
JESU MITIS

FREDERICK W. FABER

EMILY S. PERKINS

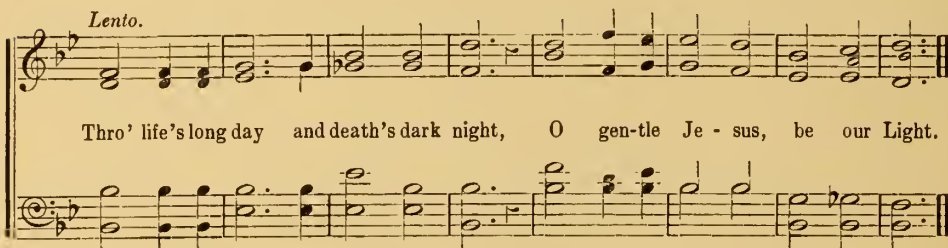


1. Sweet Sav-iour, bless us ere we go; Thy word in - to our minds in - stil; And
2. Grant us, dear Lord, from e - vil ways True ab - so - lu - tion and release; And
3. Do more than par - don; give us joy, Sweet fear and so - ber lib - er - ty, And
4. For all we love, the poor, the sad, The sin - ful, un - to Thee we call; O



make our luke - warm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will.
bless us, more than in past days, With pur - i - ty and in - ward peace.
lov - ing hearts with - out al - loy, That on - ly long to be like Thee.
let Thy mer - cy make us glad; Thou art our Je - sus, and our all.

Lento.



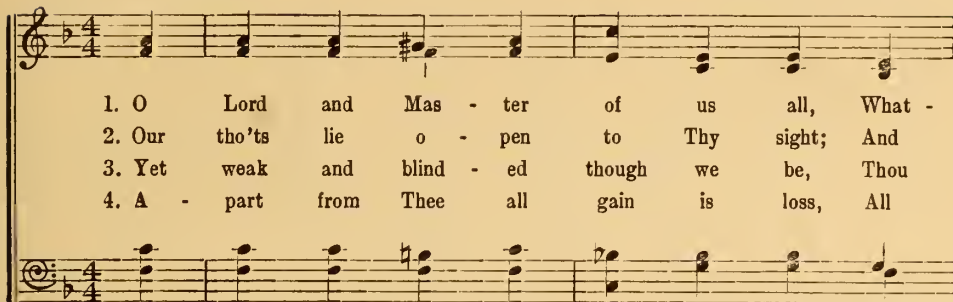
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus, be our Light.

O Lord and Master of Us All

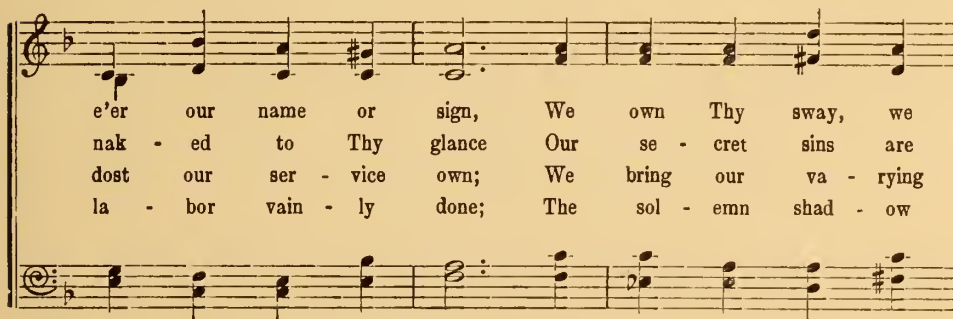
JOHN G. WHITTIER

TEST

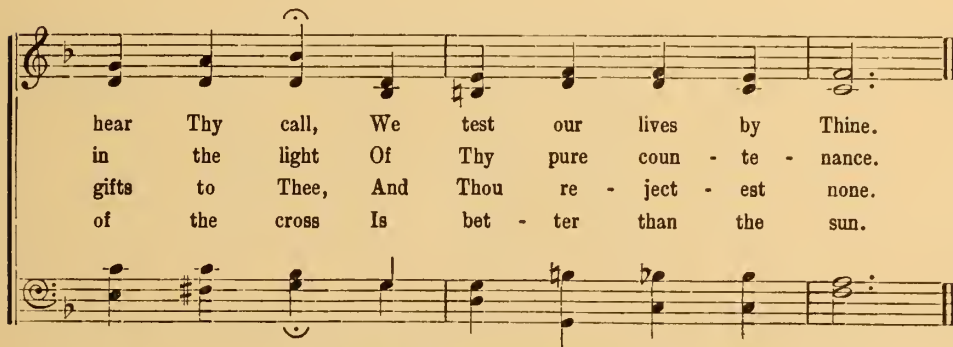
EMILY S. PERKINS



1. O Lord and Mas - ter of us all, What -
 2. Our tho'ts lie o - pen to Thy sight; And
 3. Yet weak and blind - ed though we be, Thou
 4. A - part from Thee all gain is loss, All



e'er our name or sign, We own Thy sway, we
 nak - ed to Thy glance Our se - cret sins are
 dost our ser - vice own; We bring our va - rying
 la - bor vain - ly done; The sol - emn shad - ow



hear Thy call, We test our lives by Thine.
 in the light Of Thy pure coun - te - nance.
 gifts to Thee, And Thou re - ject - est none.
 of the cross Is bet - ter than the sun.

12 Lift Up Your Heads, Ye Gates of Brass

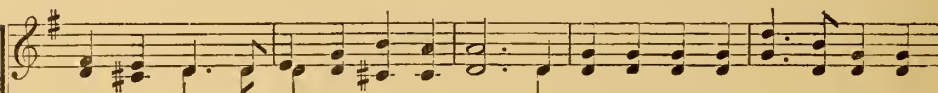
JAMES MONTGOMERY

DODD

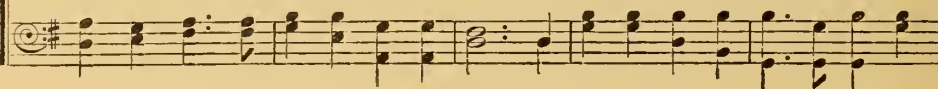
EMILY S. PERKINS



1. Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass, Ye bars of i - ron, yield, And let the King of
2. A ho - ly war those servants wage; Mys-ter - ious - ly at strife, The pow'rs of heav'n and
3. Though few and small and weak your bands, Strong in your Captain's strength Go to the con-quest
4. O fear not, faint not, halt not now; Quit you like men, be strong! To Christ shall all the



glo - ry pass; The Cross is in the field: That ban-ner bright-er than the star, That
hell en - gage For more than death or life. Ye ar - mies of the liv - ing God, His
of all lands; All must be His at length: Those spoils at His vic - to - rious feet You
na - tions bow, And sing with you this song: "Up - lift - ed are the gates of brass, The



leads the train of night, Shines on their march, and guides from far His servants to the fight.
sac - ra - ment - al host, Where hallowed footsteps nev - er trod Take your appointed post.
shall re - joice to lay, And lay yourselves, as tro - phies meet, In His great judgment-day.
bars of i - ron yield; Be - hold the King of glo - ry pass; The cross hath won the field."



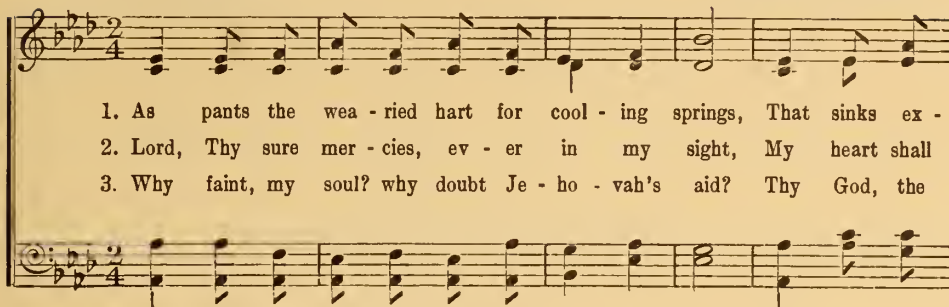
As Pants the Wearied Hart

LONGING

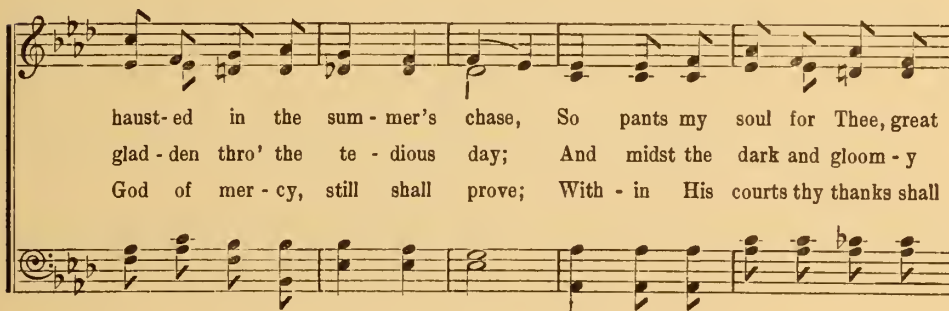
Psalm 42; Latin version by ROBERT LOWTH;

Tr. GEORGE GREGORY

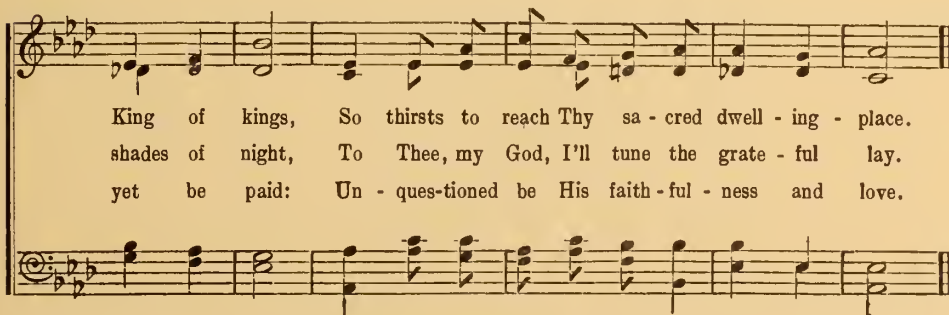
EMILY S. PERKINS



1. As pants the wea - ried hart for cool - ing springs, That sinks ex -
 2. Lord, Thy sure mer - cies, ev - er in my sight, My heart shall
 3. Why faint, my soul? why doubt Je - ho - vah's aid? Thy God, the



haust - ed in the sum - mer's chase, So pants my soul for Thee, great
 glad - den thro' the te - dious day; And midst the dark and gloom - y
 God of mer - cy, still shall prove; With - in His courts thy thanks shall



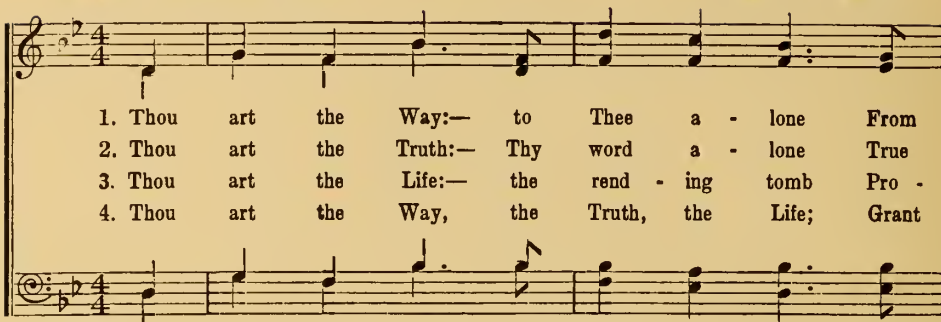
King of kings, So thirsts to reach Thy sa - cred dwell - ing - place.
 shades of night, To Thee, my God, I'll tune the grate - ful lay.
 yet be paid: Un - ques - tioned be His faith - ful - ness and love.

Thou Art the Way

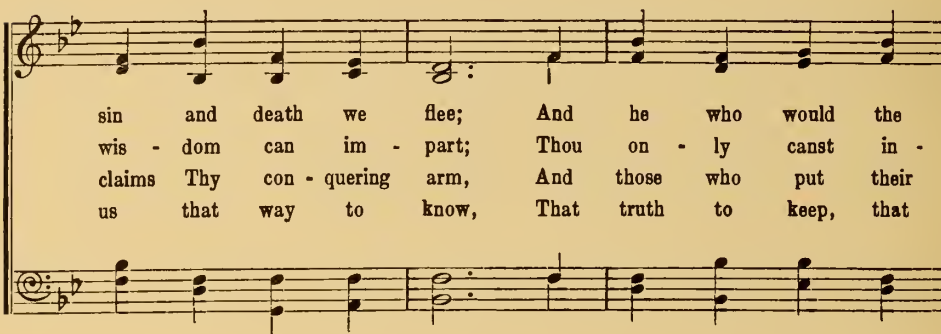
GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE

LANE

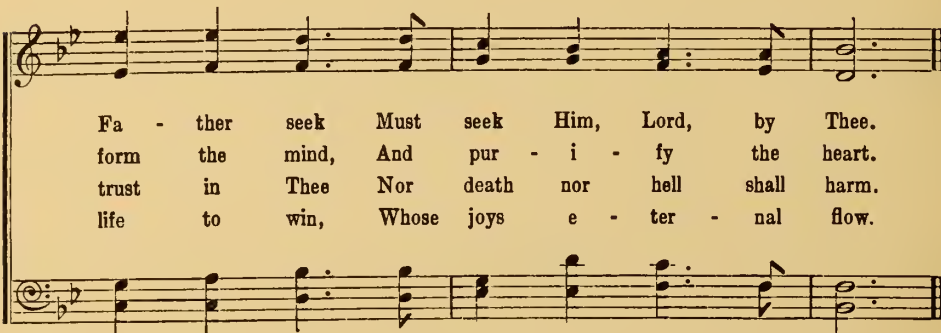
EMILY S. PERKINS



1. Thou art the Way:— to Thee a - lone From
 2. Thou art the Truth:— Thy word a - lone True
 3. Thou art the Life:— the rend - ing tomb Pro -
 4. Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life; Grant



sin and death we flee; And he who would the
 wis - dom can im - part; Thou on - ly canst in -
 claims Thy con - quering arm, And those who put their
 us that way to know, That truth to keep, that



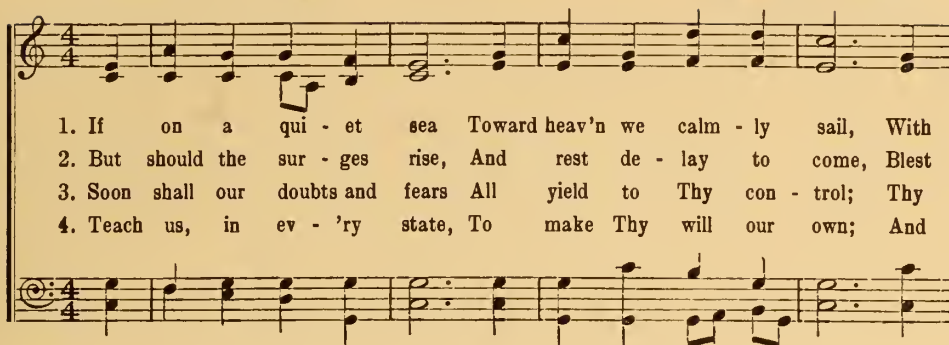
Fa - ther seek Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.
 form the mind, And pur - i - fy the heart.
 trust in Thee Nor death nor hell shall harm.
 life to win, Whose joys e - ter - nal flow.

If On A Quiet Sea

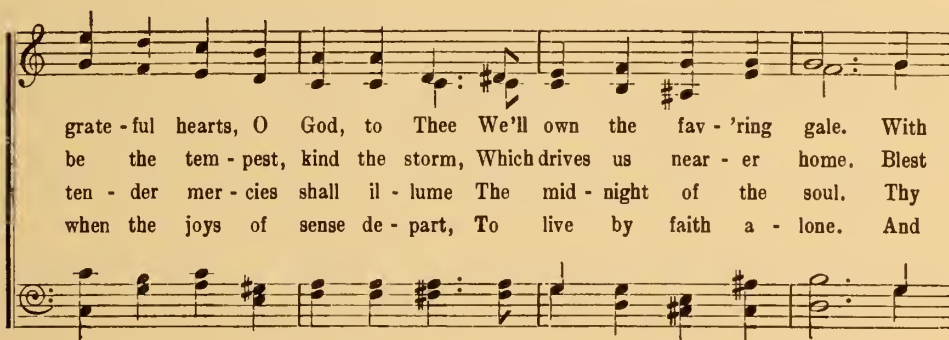
HUDSON

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, Alt.

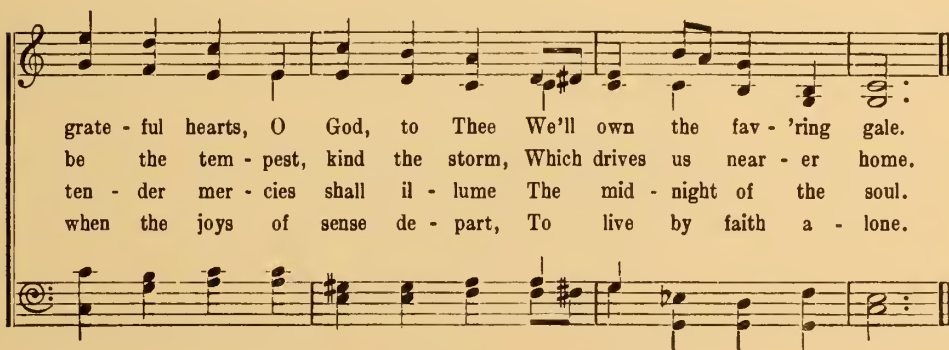
EMILY S. PERKINS



1. If on a qui - et sea Toward heav'n we calm - ly sail, With
 2. But should the sur - ges rise, And rest de - lay to come, Blest
 3. Soon shall our doubts and fears All yield to Thy con - trol; Thy
 4. Teach us, in ev - 'ry state, To make Thy will our own; And



grate - ful hearts, O God, to Thee We'll own the fav - 'ring gale. With
 be the tem - pest, kind the storm, Which drives us near - er home. Blest
 ten - der mer - cies shall il - lume The mid - night of the soul. Thy
 when the joys of sense de - part, To live by faith a - lone. And



grate - ful hearts, O God, to Thee We'll own the fav - 'ring gale.
 be the tem - pest, kind the storm, Which drives us near - er home.
 ten - der mer - cies shall il - lume The mid - night of the soul.
 when the joys of sense de - part, To live by faith a - lone.

My God, the Spring of all My Joys

ISAAC WATTS

PALISADES

EMILY S. PERKINS

1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The
 2. In dark - est shades, if Thou ap - pear, My
 3. The op - 'ning heav'ns a - round me shine With
 4. Fear - less of hell and gha - st - ly death, I'd

life of my de - lights, The glo - ry of my
 dawn - ing is be - gun; Thou art my soul's bright
 beams of sa - cred bliss, If Je - sus shows His
 break through ev - 'ry foe; The wings of love and

bright - est days, And com - fort of my nights!
 morn - ing star, And Thou my ris - ing sun.
 mer - cy mine, And whis - pers I am His.
 arms of faith Would bear me con - queror through.

Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove

ISAAC WATTS

SPIRITUS

EMILY S. PERKINS

1. Come, Ho - ly Spi - rit, hea - ven - ly Dove, With
 2. In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In
 3. And shall we then for - ev - er live At
 4. Come, Ho - ly Spi - rit, hea - ven - ly Dove, With

all Thy quick - 'ning powers;... Kin - dle a flame of
 vain we strive to rise;..... Ho - san - nas lan - guish
 this poor dy - ing rate?..... Our love so faint, so
 all Thy quick - 'ning powers;... Come, shed a - broad a

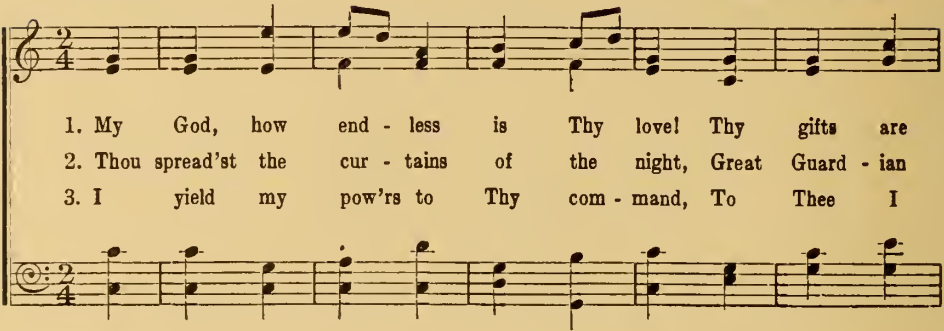
sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.....
 on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
 cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great!...
 Sav - iour's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.....

My God, How Endless is Thy Love

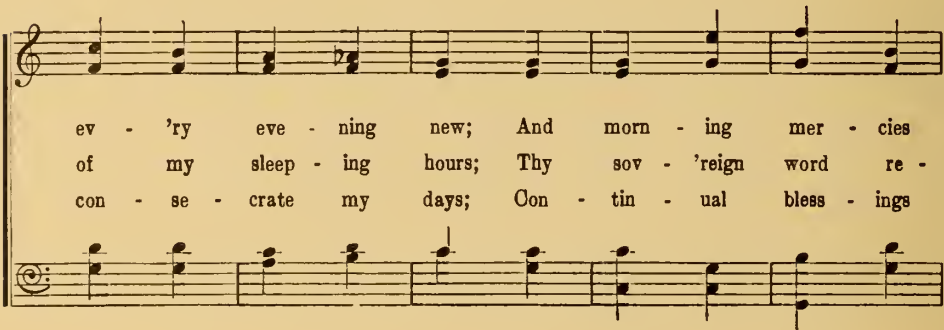
ISAAC WATTS

BARR

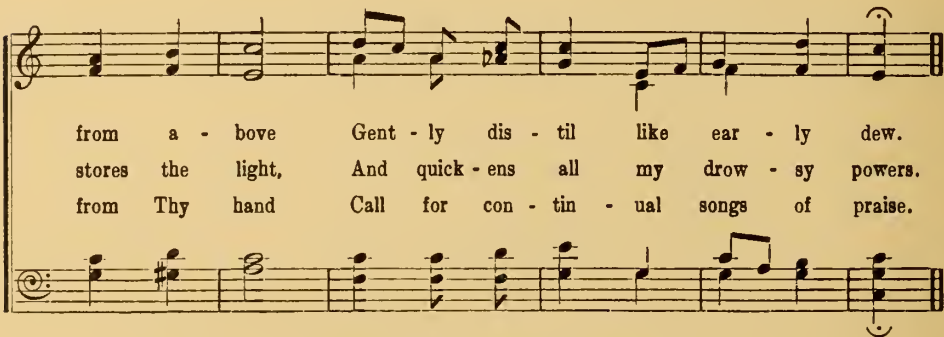
EMILY S. PERKINS



1. My God, how end - less is Thy love! Thy gifts are
 2. Thou spread'st the cur - tains of the night, Great Guard - ian
 3. I yield my pow'rs to Thy com - mand, To Thee I



ev - 'ry eve - ning new; And morn - ing mer - cies
 of my sleep - ing hours; Thy sov - 'reign word re -
 con - se - crate my days; Con - tin - ual bless - ings



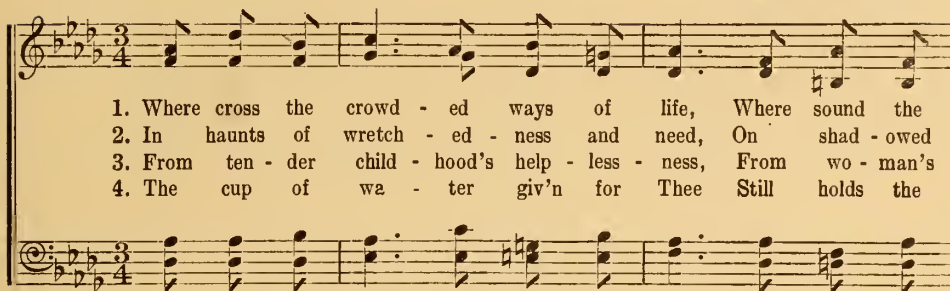
from a - bove Gent - ly dis - til like ear - ly dew.
 stores the light, And quick - ens all my drow - sy powers.
 from Thy hand Call for con - tin - ual songs of praise.

19 Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life

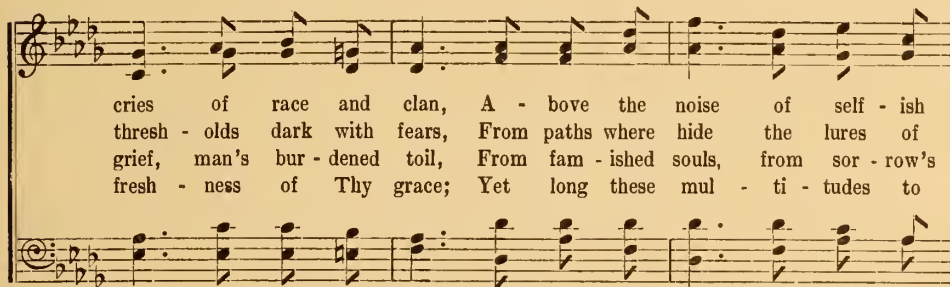
FRANK MASON NORTH

PRICE

EMILY S. PERKINS



1. Where cross the crowd - ed ways of life, Where sound the
 2. In haunts of wretch - ed - ness and need, On shad - owed
 3. From ten - der child - hood's help - less - ness, From wo - man's
 4. The cup of wa - ter giv'n for Thee Still holds the



cries of race and clan, A - bove the noise of self - ish
 thresh - olds dark with fears, From paths where hide the lures of
 grief, man's bur - dened toil, From fam - ished souls, from sor - row's
 fresh - ness of Thy grace; Yet long these mul - ti - tudes to



strife.... We hear Thy voice, O Son of man!
 greed,... We catch the vis - ion of Thy tears.
 stress,... Thy heart has nev - er known re - coil.
 see.... The sweet com - pas - sion of Thy face.

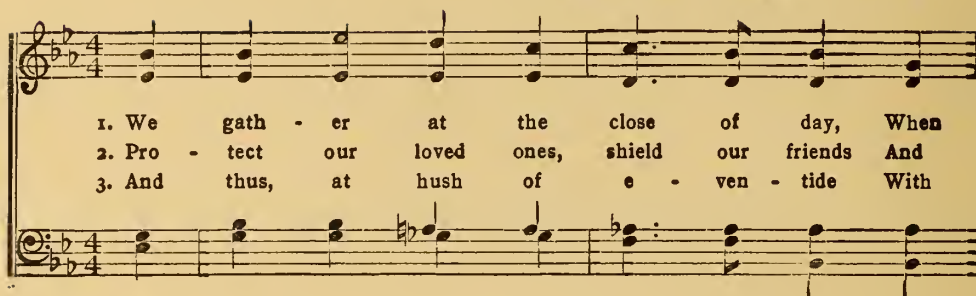
5. O Master from the mountain side,
 Make haste to heal these hearts of pain,
 Among these restless throngs abide,
 O tread the city's streets again,

6. Till sons of men shall learn Thy love
 And follow where Thy feet have trod:
 Till glorious from Thy heaven above
 Shall come the city of our God.

At Close of Day

Wandell

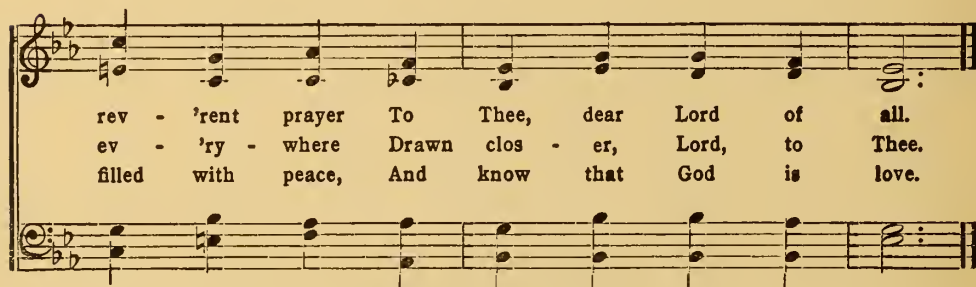
Words and Music by EMILY S. PERKINS



1. We gath - er at the close of day, When
 2. Pro - tect our loved ones, shield our friends And
 3. And thus, at hush of e - ven - tide With



eve - ning shad - ows fall, And bow our hearts in
 grant that we may be With all Thy peo - ple
 qui - et stars a - bove, May ev - 'ry heart be



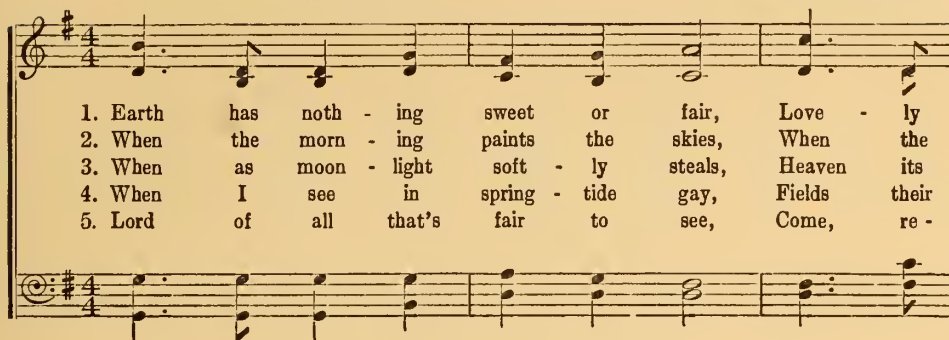
rev - 'rent prayer To Thee, dear Lord of all.
 ev - 'ry - where Drawn clos - er, Lord, to Thee.
 filled with peace, And know that God is love.

Earth Has Nothing Sweet or Fair

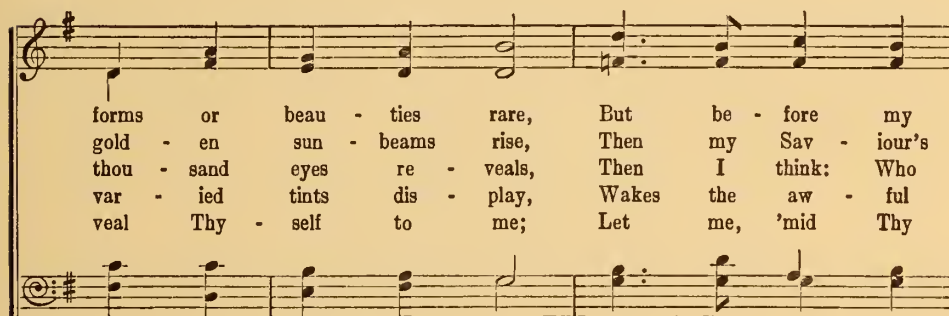
FAIR

J. SCHEFFLER; trans., Miss F. E. COX

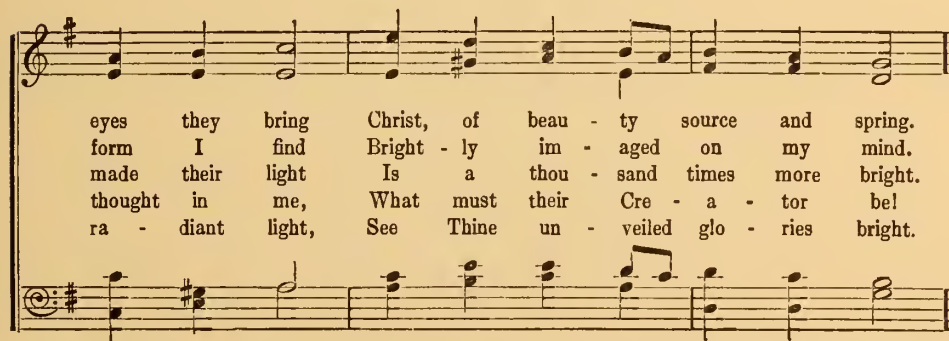
EMILY S. PERKINS



1. Earth has noth - ing sweet or fair, Love - ly
 2. When the morn - ing paints the skies, When the
 3. When as moon - light soft - ly steals, Heaven its
 4. When I see in spring - tide gay, Fields their
 5. Lord of all that's fair to see, Come, re -



forms or beau - ties rare, But be - fore my
 gold - en sun - beams rise, Then my Sav - iour's
 thou - sand eyes re - veals, Then I think: Who
 var - ied tints dis - play, Wakes the aw - ful
 veal Thy - self to me; Let me, 'mid Thy



eyes they bring Christ, of beau - ty source and spring.
 form I find Bright - ly im - aged on my mind.
 made their light Is a thou - sand times more bright.
 thought in me, What must their Cre - a - tor be!
 ra - diant light, See Thine un - veiled glo - ries bright.

When I Can Read My Title Clear

ISAAC WATTS

TITLE

EMILY S. PERKINS

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To
 2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, And
 3. Let cares like a wild del - uge come, And
 4. There I shall bathe my wea - ry soul In

man - sions in the skies, I bid fare - well to
 fie - ry darts be hurled, Then I can smile at
 storms of sor - row fall, May I but safe - ly
 seas of heav'n - ly rest, And not a wave of

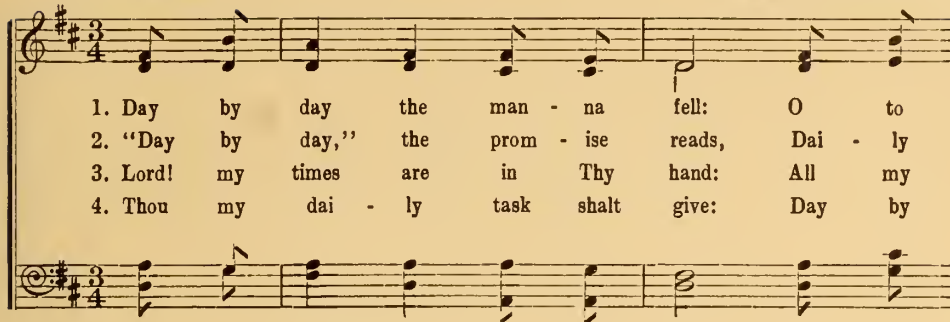
ev - 'ry fear And wipe my weep - ing eyes.
 Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world.
 reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all:
 trou - ble roll A - cross my peace - ful breast.

Day By Day

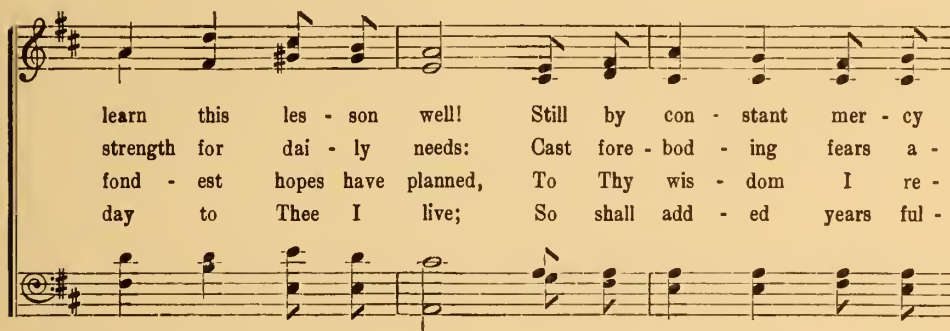
JOSIAH CONDER

CROMWELL HALL

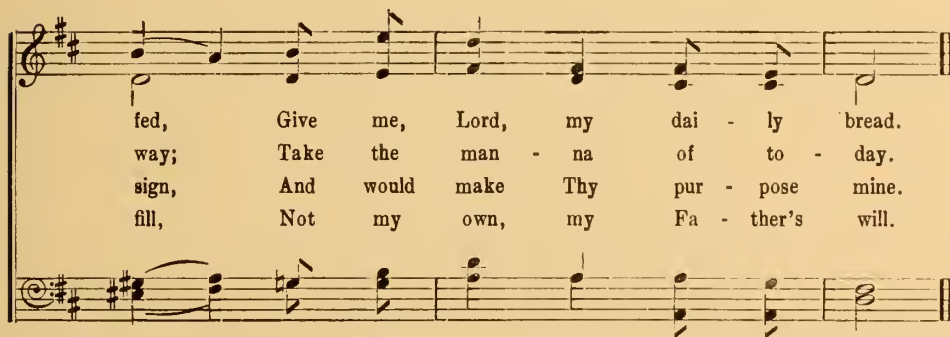
EMILY S. PERKINS



1. Day by day the man - na fell: O to
 2. "Day by day," the prom - ise reads, Dai - ly
 3. Lord! my times are in Thy hand: All my
 4. Thou my dai - ly task shalt give: Day by



learn this les - son well! Still by con - stant mer - cy
 strength for dai - ly needs: Cast fore - bod - ing fears a -
 fond - est hopes have planned, To Thy wis - dom I re -
 day to Thee I live; So shall add - ed years ful -



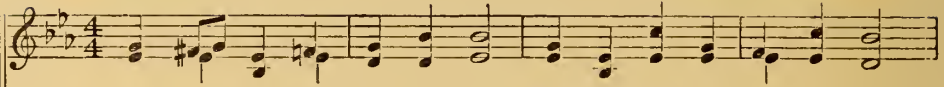
fed, Give me, Lord, my dai - ly bread.
 way; Take the man - na of to - day.
 sign, And would make Thy pur - pose mine.
 fill, Not my own, my Fa - ther's will.

Quiet, Lord, My Froward Heart


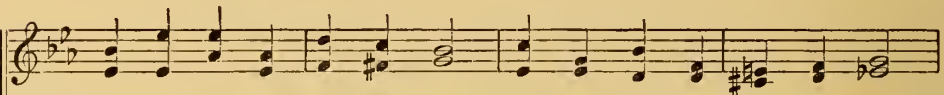
JOHN NEWTON

SECURITY

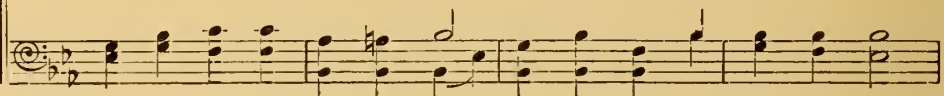
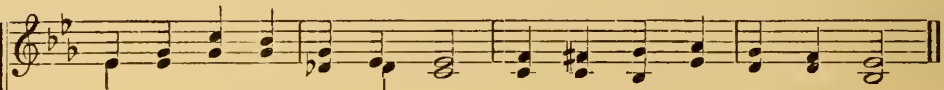
EMILY S. PERKINS



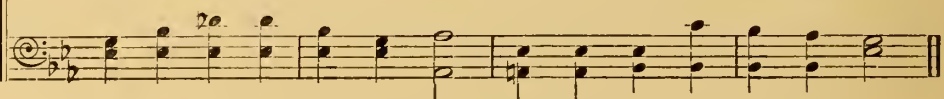
1. Qui - et, Lord, my fro - ward heart; Make me teach - a - ble and mild,
 2. What Thou shalt to - day pro - vide Let me as a child re - ceive;
 3. As a lit - tle child re - lies On a care be - yond his own,

Up - right, sim - ple, free from art; Make me as a wean - ed child,
 What to - mor - row may be - tide Calm - ly to Thy wis - dom leave:
 Knows he's neith - er strong nor wise, Fears to stir a step a - lone,—

From dis - trust and en - vy free, Pleased with all that pleas - es Thee.
 'Tis e - nough that Thou wilt care; Why should I the bur - den bear?
 Let me thus with Thee a - bide, As my Fa - ther, Guard, and Guide.



O! It is Hard to Work for God

FREDERICK W. FABER

MACKENZIE

EMILY S. PERKINS

FIRST THREE VERSES

1. O it is hard to work for God, To rise and take His part Up -
 2. He hides Him - self so won-drous - ly, As tho' there were no God; He
 3. Or He de - serts us in the hour The fight is all but lost; And

on this bat - tle - field of earth, And not some - times lose heart.
 is least seen when all the pow'rs Of ill are most a - broad;
 seems to leave us to our - selves Just when we need Him most.

FOURTH AND FIFTH VERSES

4. It is not so, but so it looks; And we lose cour - age then; And
 5. But right is right, since God is God; And right the day must win; To

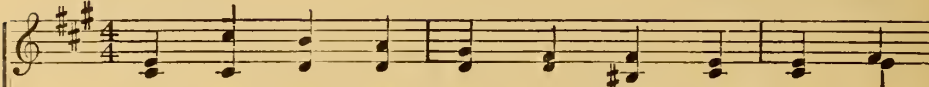
doubts will come if God hath kept His prom - i - ses to men.
 doubt would be dis - loy - al - ty, To fal - ter would be sin.

26 God is Love; His Mercy Brightens


SIE JOHN BOWLING

GALEN

EMILY S. PERKINS



1. God is love; His mer - cy bright - ens All the
2. Chance and change are bus - y ev - er; Man de -
3. E'en the hour, that dark - est seem - eth, Will His
4. He with earth - ly cares en - twin - eth Hope and



path in which we rove; Bliss He wakes and
cays, and a - ges move; But His mer - cy
change - less good - ness prove; From the gloom His
com - fort from a - bove; Ev - 'ry - where His



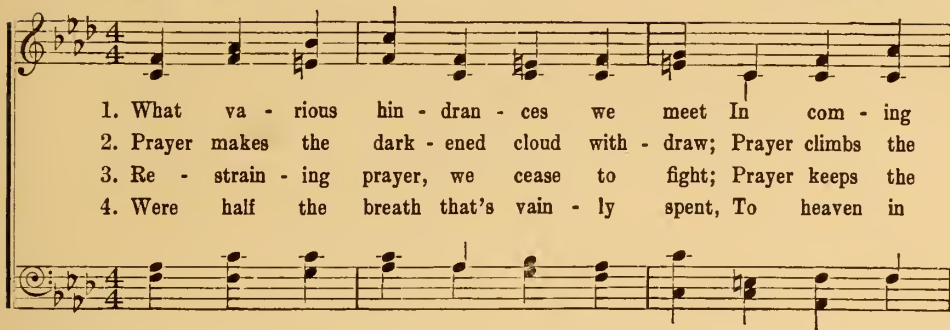
woe He light - ens; God is wis - dom, God is love.
wan - eth nev - er; God is wis - dom, God is love.
bright - ness stream - eth, God is wis - dom, God is love.
glo - ry shin - eth; God is wis - dom, God is love.

27 What Various Hindrances We Meet

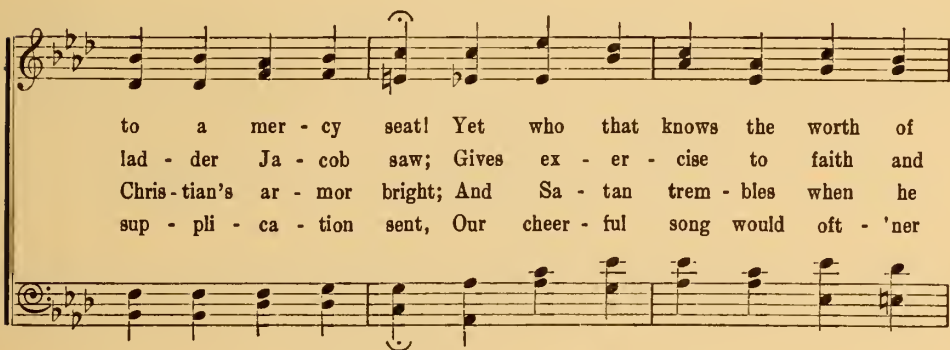
IMPLORATIO

WILLIAM COWPER

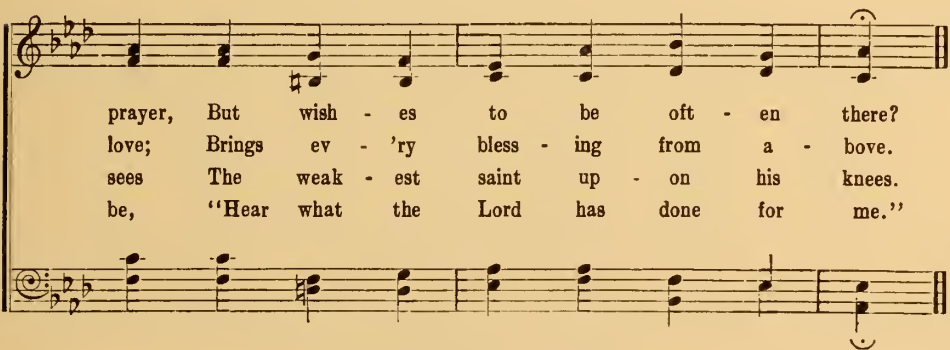
EMILY S. PERKINS



1. What va - rious hin - dran - ces we meet In com - ing
 2. Prayer makes the dark - ened cloud with - draw; Prayer climbs the
 3. Re - strain - ing prayer, we cease to fight; Prayer keeps the
 4. Were half the breath that's vain - ly spent, To heaven in



to a mer - cy seat! Yet who that knows the worth of
 lad - der Ja - cob saw; Gives ex - er - cise to faith and
 Chris - tian's ar - mor bright; And Sa - tan trem - bles when he
 sup - pli - ca - tion sent, Our cheer - ful song would oft - 'ner



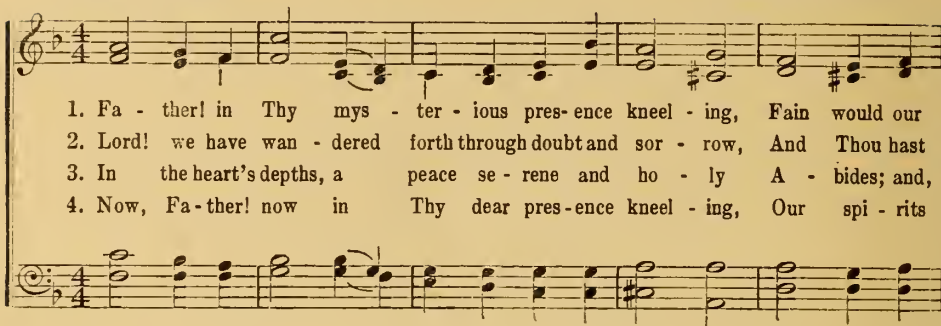
prayer, But wish - es to be oft - en there?
 love; Brings ev - 'ry bless - ing from a - bove.
 sees The weak - est saint up - on his knees.
 be, "Hear what the Lord has done for me."

28 Father! in Thy Mysterious Presence

SAMUEL JOHNSON

REVELATIO

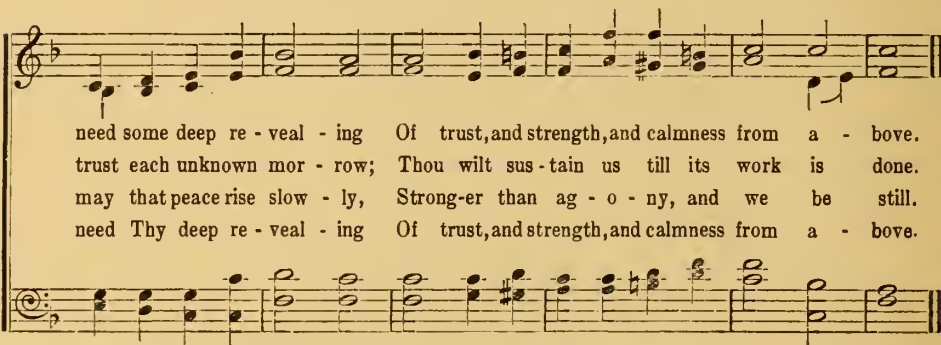
EMILY S. PERKINS



1. Fa - ther! in Thy mys - ter - ious pres - ence kneel - ing, Fain would our
 2. Lord! we have wan - dered forth through doubt and sor - row, And Thou hast
 3. In the heart's depths, a peace se - rene and ho - ly A - bides; and,
 4. Now, Fa - ther! now in Thy dear pres - ence kneel - ing, Our spi - rits



souls feel all Thy kind - ling love; For we are weak, and
 made each step an on - ward one; And we will ev - er
 when pain seems to have her will, Or we de - spair, oh!
 yearn to feel Thy kind - ling love; Now make us strong; we



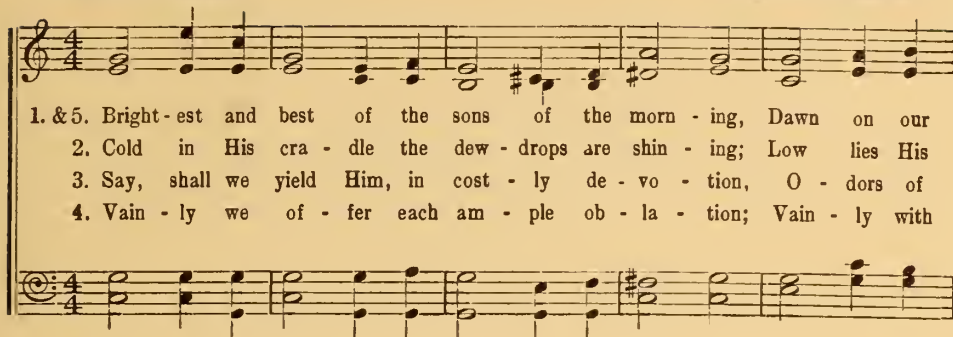
need some deep re - veal - ing Of trust, and strength, and calmness from a - bove.
 trust each unknown mor - row; Thou wilt sus - tain us till its work is done.
 may that peace rise slow - ly, Strong - er than ag - o - ny, and we be still.
 need Thy deep re - veal - ing Of trust, and strength, and calmness from a - bove.

Brightest and Best

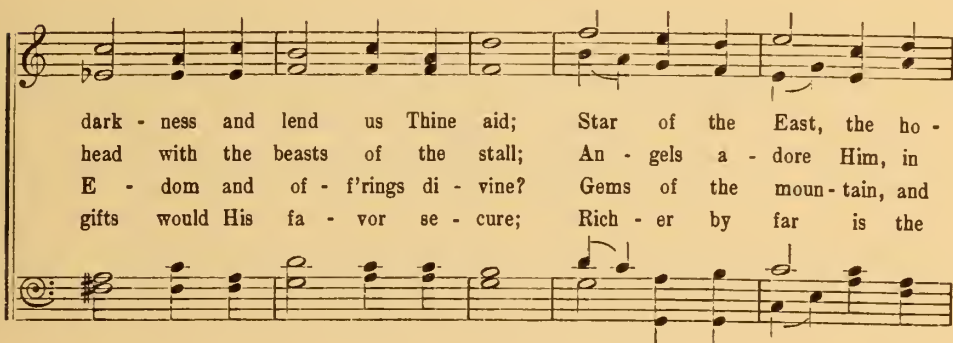
REGINALD HEBER

STELLA ORIENTALIS

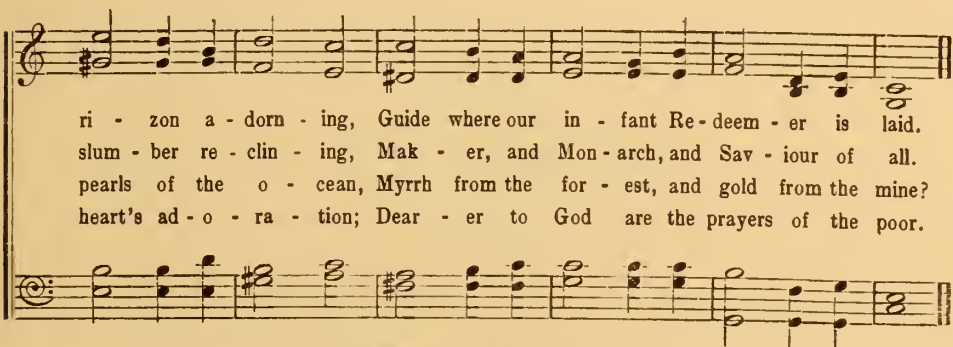
EMILY S. PERKINS



1. & 5. Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our
 2. Cold in His cra - dle the dew - drops are shin - ing; Low lies His
 3. Say, shall we yield Him, in cost - ly de - vo - tion, O - dors of
 4. Vain - ly we of - fer each am - ple ob - la - tion; Vain - ly with



dark - ness and lend us Thine aid; Star of the East, the ho -
 head with the beasts of the stall; An - gels a - dore Him, in
 E - dom and of - f'ings di - vine? Gems of the moun - tain, and
 gifts would His fa - vor se - cure; Rich - er by far is the



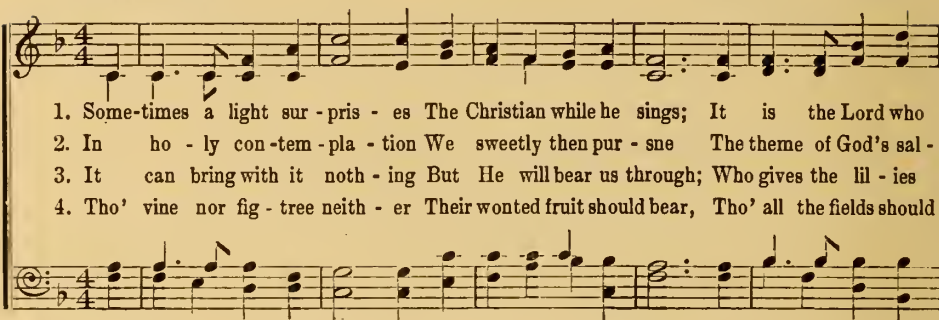
ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.
 slum - ber re - clin - ing, Mak - er, and Mon - arch, and Sav - iour of all.
 pearls of the o - cean, Myrrh from the for - est, and gold from the mine?
 heart's ad - o - ra - tion; Dear - er to God are the prayers of the poor.

Sometimes A Light Surprises

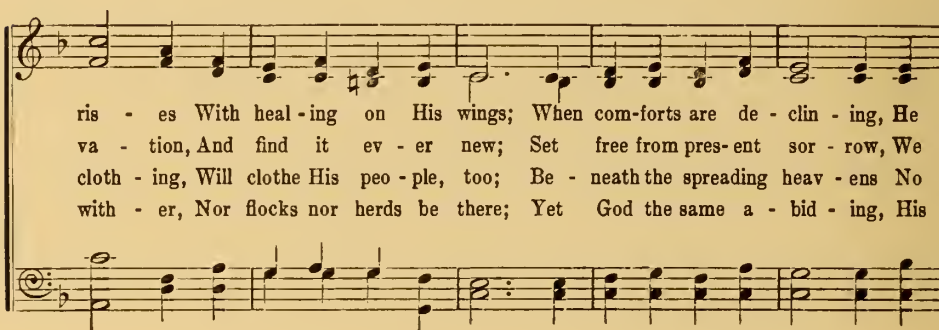
WILLIAM COWPER

MADISON SQUARE

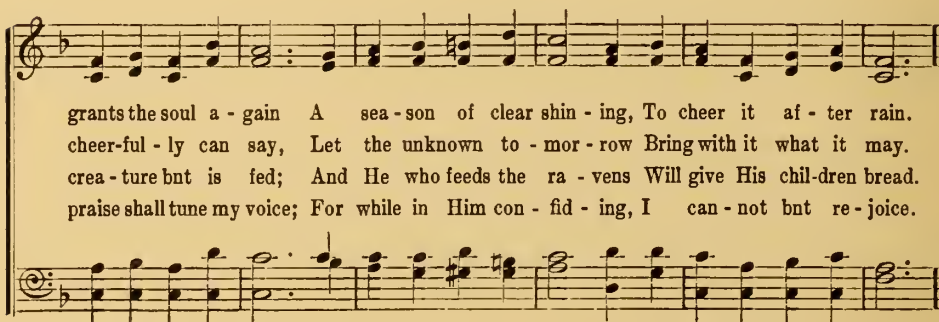
EMILY S. PERKINS



1. Some-times a light sur - pris - es The Christian while he sings; It is the Lord who
 2. In ho - ly con-tem-pla - tion We sweetly then pur - sne The theme of God's sal -
 3. It can bring with it noth - ing But He will bear us through; Who gives the lil - ies
 4. Tho' vine nor fig - tree neith - er Their wonted fruit should bear, Tho' all the fields should



ris - es With heal - ing on His wings; When com-forts are de - clin - ing, He
 va - tion, And find it ev - er new; Set free from pres - ent sor - row, We
 cloth - ing, Will clothe His peo - ple, too; Be - neath the spreading heav - ens No
 with - er, Nor flocks nor herds be there; Yet God the same a - bid - ing, His



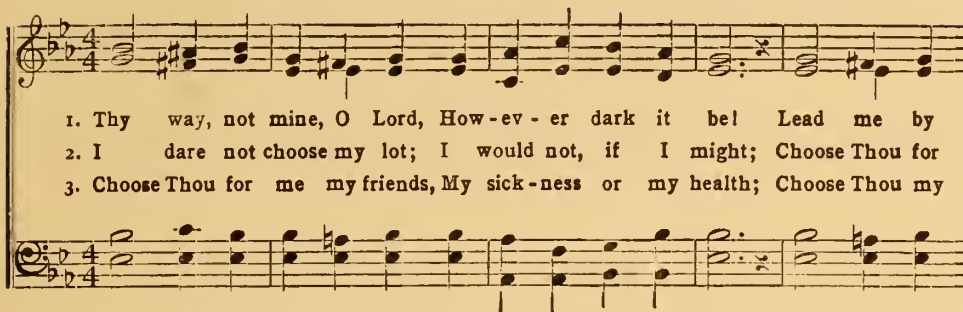
grants the soul a - gain A sea - son of clear shin - ing, To cheer it af - ter rain.
 cheer-ful - ly can say, Let the unknown to - mor - row Bring with it what it may.
 crea - ture bnt is fed; And He who feeds the ra - vens Will give His chil-dren bread.
 praise shall tune my voice; For while in Him con - fid - ing, I can - not bnt re - joice.

Thy Way, Not Mine, O Lord

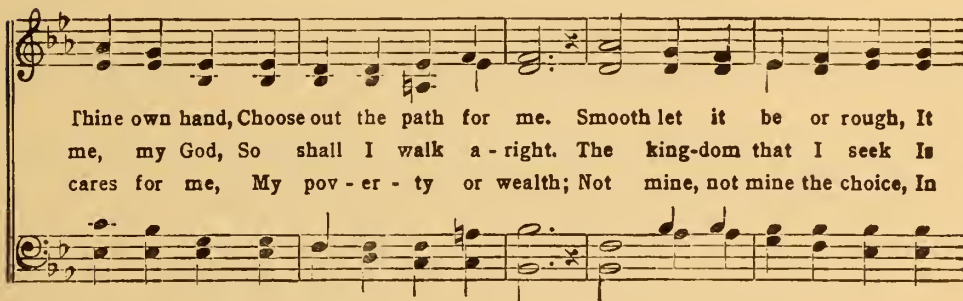
HORATIUS BONAR

RAYMOND

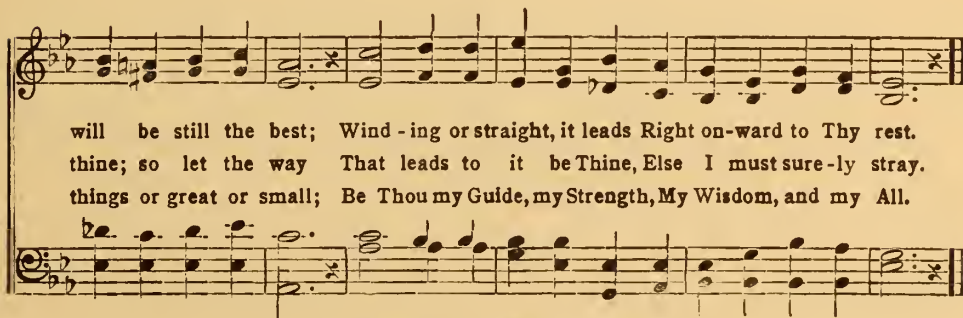
EMILY S. PERKINS



1. Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How-ev - er dark it be! Lead me by
 2. I dare not choose my lot; I would not, if I might; Choose Thou for
 3. Choose Thou for me my friends, My sick-ness or my health; Choose Thou my



Thine own hand, Choose out the path for me. Smooth let it be or rough, It
 me, my God, So shall I walk a - right. The king-dom that I seek Is
 cares for me, My pov - er - ty or wealth; Not mine, not mine the choice, In



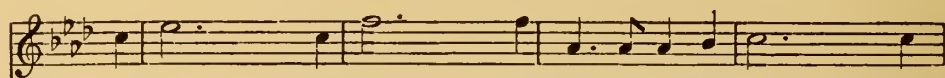
will be still the best; Wind - ing or straight, it leads Right on-ward to Thy rest.
 thine; so let the way That leads to it be Thine, Else I must sure-ly stray.
 things or great or small; Be Thou my Guide, my Strength, My Wisdom, and my All.

Rejoice, Give Thanks and Sing

EDWARD H. PLUMPTREE

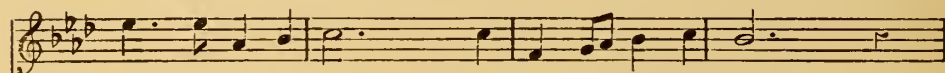
SOPRANO SOLO

EMILY S. PERKINS



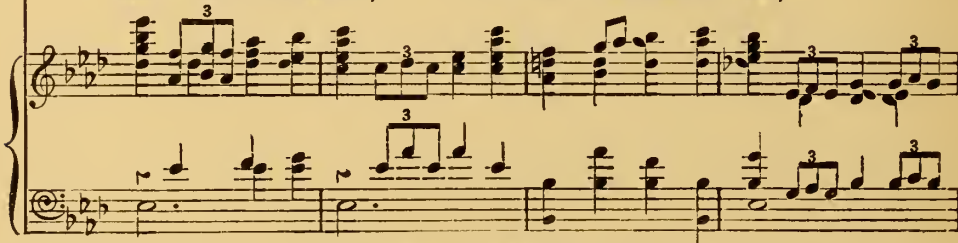
Re-joice, re-joice, re-joice, ye pure in heart.

1. With
2. Your
3. Still
4. At



all the an-gel choirs,
 clear ho-san-nas raise
 lift your standard high!
 last the march shall end,

With all the saints of earth
 And al-le-lu-ias loud!
 Still march in firm ar-ray,
 The wea-ried ones shall rest,



Pour ont the strains of joy and bliss, True
 Whilst answ'ring ech-oes up - ward float, Like
 As war-riors thro' the dark - ness toil, Till
 The pil-grims find their Fa - ther's house, Je -

rap - ture, no - blest mirth! Re - joice, re -
 wreaths of in - cense cloud.
 dawns the gold - en day.
 ru - sa - lem the blest.

joice, re - joice, give thanks and sing.

33 Prayer is the Soul's Sincere Desire

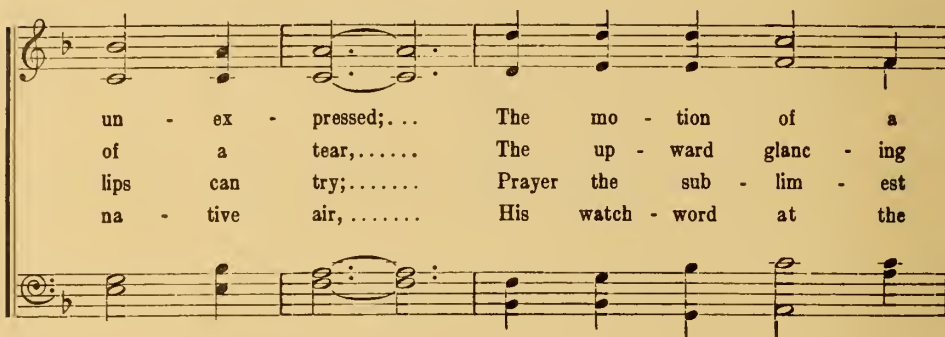
JAMES MONTGOMERY

WELLS

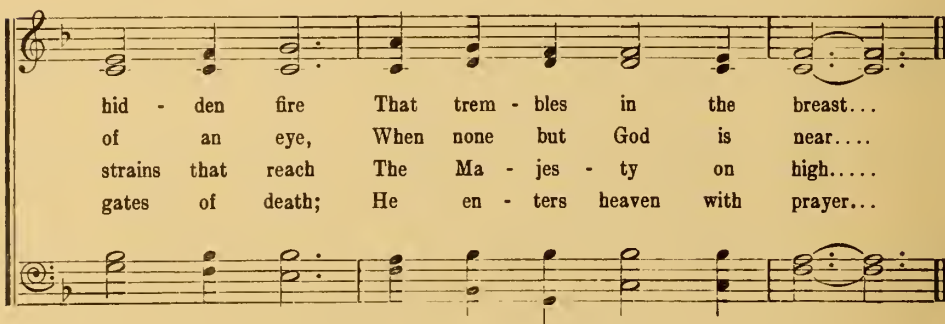
EMILY S. PERKINS



1. Prayer is the soul's sin - cere de - sire, Ut - tered or
 2. Prayer is the bur - den of a sigh, The fall - ing
 3. Prayer is the sim - plest form of speech That in - fant
 4. Prayer is the Christ - tian's vi - tal breath, The Christ - ian's



un - ex - pressed;... The mo - tion of a
 of a tear,..... The up - ward glanc - ing
 lips can try;..... Prayer the sub - lim - est
 na - tive air,..... His watch - word at the



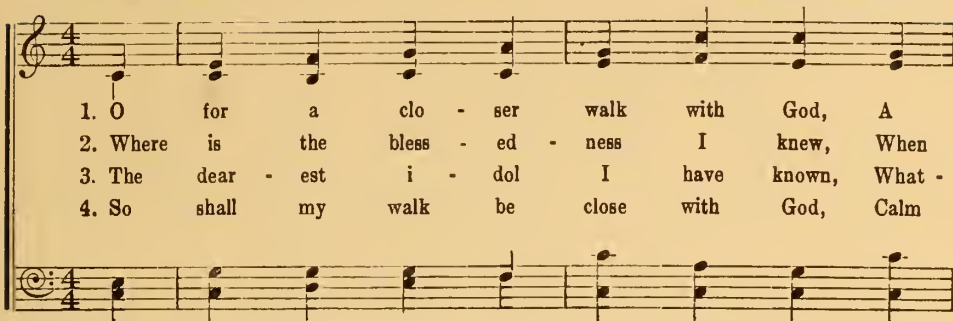
hid - den fire That trem - bles in the breast...
 of an eye, When none but God is near....
 strains that reach The Ma - jes - ty on high....
 gates of death; He en - ters heaven with prayer...

O For a Closer Walk With God

WILLIAM COWPER

ENOCH

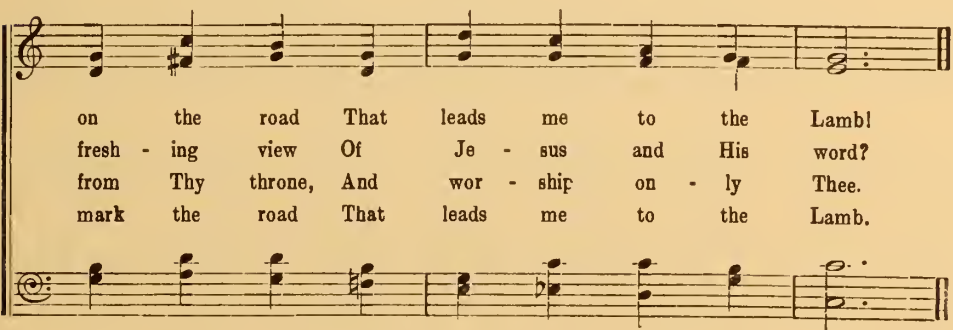
EMILY S. PERKINS



1. O for a clo - ser walk with God, A
 2. Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew, When
 3. The dear - est i - dol I have known, What -
 4. So shall my walk be close with God, Calm



calm and heaven - ly frame; A light to shine up -
 first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul - re -
 e'er that i - dol be, Help me to tear it
 and se - rene my frame; So pur - er light shall



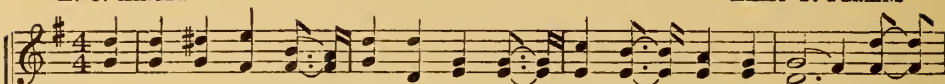
on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
 fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and His word?
 from Thy throne, And wor - ship on - ly Thee.
 mark the road That leads me to the Lamb.

God is Working His Purpose Out

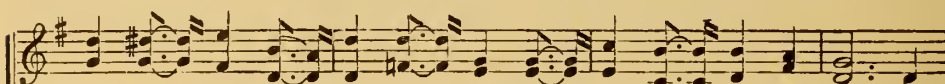
PURPOSE

A. C. AINGER


EMILY S. PERKINS




1. ~ God is work - ing His pur - pose out, as year suc - ceeds to year:
 2. From ut - most East to ut - most West, where 'er man's foot hath trod, By the
 3. ~ March we forth in the strength of God, with the ban - ner of Christ un - furled, That the
 4. All we can do is noth - ing worth, un - less God bless the deed, ~



God is work - ing His pur - pose out, and the time is draw - ing near.
 mouth of ma - ny mes - sen - gers goes forth the voice of God. Give
 light of the glo - rious Gos - pel of truth may shine through - out the world.
 Vain - ly we hope for the har - vest till God gives life to the seed; Yet



Near - er and near - er draws the time, the time that shall sure - ly be, When the
 ear to Me, ye con - ti - nents, ye isles, give ear to Me, That the
 Fight we the fight with sor - row and sin to set their cap - tives free, That the
 near - er and near - er draws the time, the time that shall sure - ly be, When the



earth shall be filled with the glo - ry of God, As the wa - ters cov - er the sea.

The Land of Liberty

EMILY S. PERKINS

EMILY S. PERKINS

Moderato

1. A fair land gleams be-fore mine eyes, The sol-dier's glo-ry, the sol-dier's prize;
 2. By du-ty led and stern command, He press-es for-ward to that land,
 3. No pris-on wall, no fort-ress grim, Can hush his glor-ious bat-tle hymn,
 4. It is the sol-dier's on-ly goal, It is the bul-wark of his soul,

Thro' journeyings far o'er war-worn ways He.. seeks that land of peace-ful days.
 And ev-er through the bat-tle's roar He.. hears the mu-sic from its shore.
 For Lib-er-ty can nev-er die; It... lives be-yond his dark-ened sky.
 Some day we know we shall be free In that prom-ised land of Lib-er-ty.

CHORUS *Unison.*

For the fair land of Lib-er-ty My heart seeks so yearn-ing-ly,

Oh! soon may thy wel-come be, Fair land of Lib-er-ty.

There is a Field in Flanders

For Soprano

R. F.

EMILY S. PERKINS

Adagio *mp*

1. There
2. There
3. There
4. And

mp

is a field in Flan - ders... Where yel - low kIng-cups stand; Like
is a wood in Flan - ders... A lit - tle shimm'ring wood, Where
is a bank in Flan - ders... Where cel - an - dines a - blow Lift
you who go in Eng - lish fields, O think not that our days Are

f

accel......

1st three verses
molto ritard......

fair prin-cess-es clad in gold Their joy-ous court they proud-ly hold In the
wind-flow'rs sway a-mong the grass And smile up-on you as you pass, As....
up their shin-ing heads and peer To see their love-ly im-age clear In a
whol-ly dark or whol-ly ill, For there are flow'rs in (Omit.....)

accel...... *molto ritard.*.....

4th verse
molto ritard

gay..... flow-er land.
coun-try maid-ens should.
bright.... pool be-low. Flan-ders still And still a God to praise.

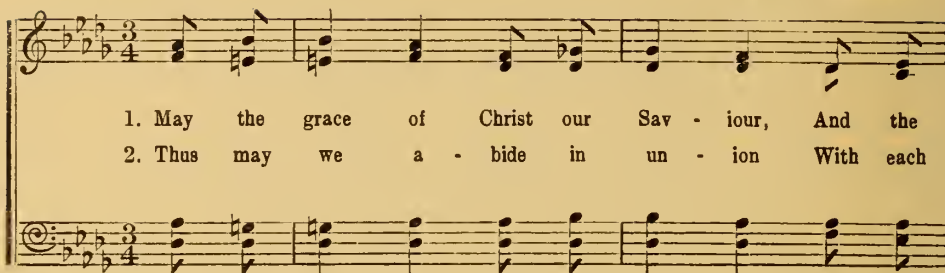
molto ritard

May the Grace of Christ

BENEDICTIO

JOHN NEWTON

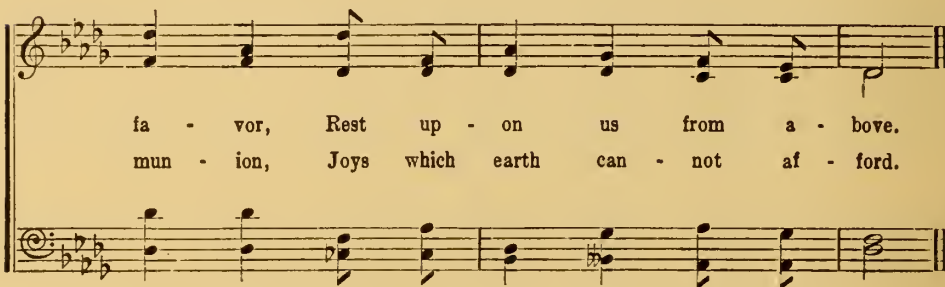
EMILY S. PERKINS



1. May the grace of Christ our Sav - iour, And the
2. Thus may we a - bide in un - ion With each



Fa - ther's bound - less love, With the Ho - ly Spi - rit's
oth - er and the Lord, And pos - sess, in sweet com -



fa - vor, Rest up - on us from a - bove.
mun - ion, Joys which earth can - not af - ford.

